THE
Universalist Leader

Boston April 4, 1925 Chicago

The First Palm Sunday

JESUS had sent for an ass, on which to ride into the city; and, in lieu of a saddle, some of his disciples had folded their cloaks and laid them on the ass's back for him to sit on. Then they ascended the ridge between the Mount of Olives and the Mount of Offence; and there the City of God, so loved, so praised in the songs of Israel, lay stretched before them in all its glory! What colossal walls and mighty towers rising from the precipitous rock! What luxurious palaces and entrancing pleasure-grounds! But above and before all else the eye was dazzled and the heart enthralled by the Temple of the Lord: an imposing and marvelous erection even to the heathen, but to the Israelite the very consummation of holiness and glory upon earth—his greatest pride and his deepest joy. There was the temple area, with its noble colonnades; and on the highest terrace there stood the sanctuary itself, with its glittering parapets of snow-white marble, tipped with the tapering gold spikes and plated on all sides with sheets of gold, shining beneath the sunbeams, now like a mountain of snow, now like a sea of fire. How could such a sight fail to call forth a general outburst of enthusiasm? The sacred spot was reached where the kingdom of God would be established, and on the very instant honor and glory must be rendered to him who brought that kingdom! Most of the company threw off their upper garments and laid them in the way for the ass to step upon, while others strewed the path with leaves and branches from the neighboring field; and, as they waved the palm-branches in their hands, those who went before and those who followed him sang in alternation the song of praise—

Hosanna!
Bless him that comes in the name of the Lord!
Bless the approaching kingdom of David our father!
Hosanna in the highest!

The New Testament for Learners.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819 to 1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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John van Schaick, Jr.

Editorial Assistants

Florence I. Adams.

Dorothy Hall.

Lit ary Editor

Granville Hicks.

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1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the above principles be professed.

Editorial

ONE OF OUR GREATEST DAYS

WE see no reason to celebrate Palm Sunday if people believe that this journey to Jerusalem was all part of a Divine Plan, that all details were arranged in advance, that Jesus went either as a God or as an automaton, and that there was no element of human choice about it.

If that was the case it was a fine bit of stage play.

Such a view strips all meaning from one of the finest deeds of history, and one of the greatest chapters in the life of our Master.

Because of more faith in and reverence for Jesus—not less—we set forth a different view. And as we do it we meet the ignorant comment, "Then you don't believe in Jesus"—with the historic hymn for Palm Sunday:

"Hosanna! Hosanna to the son of David, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

To go to Jerusalem was one of the most dangerous things that a religious reformer like Jesus could do. It was the citadel of orthodoxy. As the event proved, the Scribes, the Pharisees and the Sadducees between them commanded resources enough to make short work of anybody who opposed them.

Just how hazardous it was to go to Jerusalem is hinted in the gospel narrative. Peter expostulated with Jesus and rebuked him for thinking of going. Thomas said, "Let us also go that we may die with him." The Scribes and Pharisees who came out from Jerusalem to study Jesus, showed plainly their bitter hostility. John the Baptist, the reforming forerunner, was dead—his head severed from his body.

That it was not an easy thing for Jesus to do, that he had a natural normal love of life, that he thought over what he might accomplish in more remote regions if he saved himself from his enemies, are reasonable suppositions.

The weakness of his own heart, his inner quailing, his distrust of his own ability to go through with it, are suggested by the fierceness with which he turned on Peter when Peter urged him not to go. One who loved Peter, one who had just given him the keys of the kingdom, would not have said, "Get thee behind me, Satan," if he had been absolutely sure of himself. No—Jesus had a struggle. He had to fight the weaknesses and temptations which assail us. He didn't make the choice to go up to Jerusalem without inner conflict. He neither was ignorant of what he was to face nor pulled along like a cog in a huge theological machine. He was a free, brave, large-minded, pure-hearted, loving man who made a decision to go because he had a message and was impelled to deliver it, a mission and he wanted to execute it.

Jesus decided on Jerusalem, the central place, at the time of the Passover, its most crowded time, because he felt that he must put his mission and message to the test. With one bold stroke, he might get the multitude. With the crowd back of him he might be able to reform the Jewish religion. The thousands gathered for the Passover might be transformed into his missionaries. He might be able to make the kingdom come and the will be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

When he entered Jerusalem, he realized the dangers but felt that he had a chance to succeed.

What a sublime figure he is on this first Palm Sunday. What pathos attaches to this entry in the light of what happened five days later! What a victory he won over himself!

Speculation is useless as to how much farther ahead or behind the cause he stood for would be if he had succeeded. In one sense he did succeed. In another, of course, he did not. We are accustomed to say that God overrules such cruelties and evils for good, and that is the faith we hold. Because of that faith we speak of the dynamic power coming from martyrdom.

But we hold also that, whatever the accelerating or retarding effect may be, it is not the will of God that a single reformer shall be crucified or a single little child killed by preventable disease.

Indirectly, as the one responsible for the scheme of things, it may be His will. But the only rational, consistent faith is that God wills right choices by all His children, at all times, under all circumstances. He is the God of life, health, peace, joy, growth, He did not will cruel, bigoted men to torture Jesus. He did will Jesus to deliver his great attack upon their cruelty and bigotry and face the consequences. With such a God, wise and loving beyond anything that we can conceive, with such a Jesus, abundantly demonstrated as the true son, with such deeds as those of Palm Sunday blazing like beacons from the hill tops, the race marches on. We have no finer story than that of the first Palm Sunday.

WHAT IS INSIDE COMES OUT

WE called at a hospital recently to see a Universalist woman eighty-two years old who had fallen the day before and broken her hip.

This woman for long years had been president of a Mission Circle of the Universalist Church. She was so gentle and kind, always so faithful to every duty and loyal to every obligation, that she was beloved wherever known.

The natural feeling when one hurries to a hospital on such an errand is that it is "a dreadful business," "a shocking accident," and that one will find himself in "an atmosphere of helplessness, hopelessness and pain."

On the contrary, what we found here was a ruling passion strong in the midst of unfamiliar surroundings and severe suffering. The surgeons had been gone but a short time, and a good part of the patient was in a heavy plaster cast. What she was interested in, however, was not the accident, the setting of the bone, the hospital, or her own future. She was interested to talk about four things: One was how many turned out to the first Lenten service at the church the day before. The second was how much money the committee had earned by a tea given for Lyman Ward's school, the question as to how larger support could be given to Ward and whether the World Service Fund could not back him up. "The good that man could do," she exclaimed, "with more means." The third thing her mind dwelt on was how a friend who was ill was getting along, and the fourth was what could be done for somebody else who had had trouble piled on trouble. "Do you mean she wants money?" we said, bracing ourselves for the inevitable. "I don't know about that," she replied, as if it were an incident. "Friendship and sympathy are what I meant. Realizing that somebody cares."

In the course of five minutes, this true Christian woman showed her unselfishness, her interest in human beings, her passion for service.

She is the kind on whom God depends in His work of creation. She is one of those who keep our faith strong in the divinity of man. And she does not realize it in the slightest.

* *

ONLY A LEAF

JUST what is the most important possession or discovery of man? Is it wheat, coal, steam, electricity, money?

The Hon. Martin Luther Davey of Kent, Ohio, representing the 14th Ohio District in Congress, made a striking reference recently to the importance of "the leaf."

As quoted by the *Christian Science Monitor* he said: "The leaf is the one and only link between the organic and inorganic worlds. Man can assimilate only two minerals, water and salt, and these in limited quantities. The leaf is responsible for everything else we eat and most of the things we wear. Without leaves, and a blade of grass is a leaf, we would have no meat, no vegetables, no wool, no cotton, no food, no clothing."

As the *Monitor* goes on to point out, without leaves there would have been no coal stored up ages ago, and no forests to-day, and without forests no dependable water power. "So without leaves past and present there would be neither coal nor water to generate electricity and steam, without steam, electricity or food there would be no use to consider the value of money."

Mr. Davey, once a forester himself, makes us look with new respect upon a humble, common, every-day sort of thing often referred to as "only a leaf."

And as spring comes on and grass grows up everywhere in city or country that it has half a chance, and the buds swell and burst, and the new leaves appear, we ought to think gratefully of these fundamental economic facts.

We owe our lives to our little friends the leaves. We ought to be more careful about wantonly trampling the grass as something of slight value, and picking branches of apple, dogwood and laurel just to wither and be thrown away. We ought to take thought about the slaughter of forests.

Our higher natures also are indebted to grass and leaves. They are ministers of beauty. The most sordid backyard takes on a kind of glory as little new leaves come out on a bush or tree. A forest, an orchard, a meadow, a greensward, elevate and refine the mind and purify the emotions. Not only the physical but the spiritual life is debtor to the leaf.

And it is God who gives us the leaf.

"He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth. . . . .

"The trees of the Lord are full of sap: the cedars of Lebanon that he hath planted."

* *

THE PROFESSIONAL MILITARIST

WHILE our governmental authorities are doing so much to gag "pacifists," how would it do for them to say a word of caution to such war-promoting orators as Admiral Fiske? Can one conceive of a more injudicious utterance than the address delivered on March 21 at Columbia University?

Read the headlines:

"Fiske Predicts War to Arise in the East. Admiral Warns of Japanese and British Competition. Sees Conflict as Certain."

The Admiral's words have already gone round the world. By this time they have been read and discussed in every Cabinet, England, Russia, Japan, China. With what result? Have they promoted friendship, or have they confirmed the opinion everywhere prevalent, that the United States is preparing for world conquest? Such sentiments uttered in Germany before 1914 have been quoted endlessly to prove that the Germans had planned a world war for years before it came. Suppose we should read in a Japanese paper an address from a great and authoritative Japanese: "General So-and-So Predicts War with America. Warns of American Competition. Sees Conflict Certain." Would that promote a friendly sentiment or the opposite? Good-will between the nations is supremely important. The man who stirs up strife just now is not only the enemy of his

country but of all humanity, for another World War, which Admiral Fiske predicts, means nothing less than Hell and Damnation for all concerned. In the name of humanity can not these orators to whom war means profit or promotion receive the contempt and condemnation they deserve?

As a sample of what war-mongers will say and do, take the outrageous story which Admiral Fiske told of President Wilson. Whether we agree with President Wilson's policies or not (and the present writer does not), he certainly proved himself to be a man of amazing courage. He broke himself, gave health and life, suffered long and died for what he believed to be true and right as much as if he had been crucified on Calvary. And yet because he, the President of the United States, at a time when he needed to conserve every ounce of nervous energy, declined to go through the nerve-racking experience of watching war-ships blow targets to fragments with explosive shells, he is called a coward. Nor can Roosevelt defend himself against the charge of calling Wilson a coward. The dead men can not speak or defend themselves, but some one ought to speak for them. Admiral Fiske is undoubtedly a brave sailor, but it was unspeakably cowardly to attack the character of our dead President with a gratuitous story which can not now be confirmed or explained.

If this is a sample of the courage born of soldiering, let us have more of the courage of pacifism such as the Quakers have manifested throughout their history.

F. O. H.

* *

BY PRODUCTS OF THE FIVE YEAR PROGRAM

BY products are substances, etc., produced incidentally to the making of something else.

Sometimes these by products turn out to be the main products.

The Five Year Program has as its main object the production of a million dollars for a Japan Mission church, the start of a Pension Fund, the new Washington Church and the regular program of church extension.

In the manufacture of the sentiment necessary to do all these things, something else has been discovered, saved, and used.

It is the conviction that the first task of the National Laymen's Committee is not to get money from the churches for the work common to all, but to strengthen and inform local churches so that they both want to help and can help.

This is much more far-reaching and significant than it sounds.

Does any one have much doubt about the ability of the laymen loosely attached to our churches to swing business projects the size of our churches, if they gave a little attention to the matter? Why, some of them often swing bigger things single-handed between breakfast and lunch.

It is the waking up of the average layman to his ability, his opportunity and his duty which is the important product of the Five Year Program.

We have evidence that this is being done in two things which have happened recently: One is the coming together of keen business men to devise plans for financing local churches; the other is the announcement that a committee is at work on suggestions for the organization or reorganization of local churches.

The existence of badly organized and poorly supported churches side by side with the admirably organized businesses of the trustees and members of those churches is incongruous and anomalous.

If we could but touch the pride high-grade business men have in these matters, we would not need to worry much about our ability to set church houses in order.

These are the things which Judge Hill and Mr. Kerr and their associates are saying.

They are the most hopeful aspects of the campaign now being carried on.

They are not asserting that raising money is the main business of the church. They are asserting that what money we need ought to be raised efficiently.

They are not preaching that practical matters like these should crowd out religious education or spiritual preaching.

They are preaching with St. James that we must be diligent in business as well as fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.

* *

PERPETRATED ON DEWEY

THE body of Admiral George Dewey has been resting for eight years in Arlington Cemetery among thousands of his comrades.

On a beautiful hill overlooking the Capital of the nation, the tomb has been an object of interest and a place of pilgrimage.

Now comes an old lady who has a legal right to dispose of these ashes and moves them to another hill outside of Washington where the Episcopalians are building a cathedral.

No other single act could have done more to destroy sympathy for this cathedral project. It has the appearance of traffic in the bodies of the famous dead. It takes from the nation for the glorification of a sect. The moving of the body of Washi gton from Mount Vernon to Alexandria to lend glory to the new Masonic memorial, the moving of Lincoln to a new liberal temple in Chicago, could hardly have shocked us more.

It would have been a great service if Dr. Freeman, Bishop of Washington, an able, upright, far-sighted man working night and day for the new cathedral, could have stopped this thing. One can hardly imagine his conniving at it.

Poor Dewey! A strange fatality follows him. Some one got him to give away the house which the nation presented to him as a token of gratitude. Some one put him into the race for the Democratic nomination for President when practically all the delegates were pledged to some one else. Some one now desecrates his tomb to make a new sensation, a new spectacle, almost a new scandal.

Simple, loyal, honest, faithful Dewey, beloved because he did the day's work without fuss or feathers, with highest efficiency and innate modesty!

The nation will not forget him, whatever vanities and indecencies are perpetrated in his name.

Cruising Cross Country

XIV Some Pullman Experiences

John van Schaick, Jr.

EUROPEANS often comment upon the indecency and discomfort of our Pullman sleeping cars.

We, in this country, are inclined to echo such disparaging remarks, and if we don't feel quite the same about "indecency," we come in strong on "discomfort."

Now my method of life in recent years has given me an opportunity to study this subject and to consider some phases of human nature along with it, and I feel moved to report my conclusions. As my report on the whole is favorable, I hasten to add that I do not own stock in the Pullman Company and I have not been retained to give them a clean bill of health.

As editor of the *Universalist Leader* I have been spending the first half of each week in Boston, where this 107-year-old weekly is published, and the last half of each week in Washington, D. C., where my household gods have been established since 1900. This goes on about six months of the year, for we move the aforesaid "gods" to Boston in May to stay until November. To bridge the gap between the bed in the sunny Washington second-floor front and the bed in the sunny Boston fourth-floor back, I take the Federal Express, which lets me have dinner at night in one city and breakfast the next morning in the other city with practically no traveling in between, as I am sound asleep. Occasionally I vary the program by taking the midnight train from Boston to New York, staying there for a day and getting to Washington by bed time.

And when my business in New York can be done in an hour or so I take the beautiful 5 p. m. Merchants' Limited, reach New York at 10 p. m., have my conference, and go to bed on the New York-Washington sleeper.

There are all kinds of combinations one can make with trains and cities, but the easy, regular thing for me is to take the Federal Express. On the Federal I have no traveling to do, so to speak; I am so much at home that I let the engineer and the fireman and the conductor and the Pullman conductors and the porters do the traveling and the worrying, and all I have to do is to get myself from the station to the house.

I must explain that I always take car K 86 going from Washington to Boston and car 109 from Boston to Washington, the same car numbered differently in the different directions, and thus I always get one of three porters, for each porter keeps the same numbered car. Jackson goes up from Washington, for example, on Sunday night, back from Boston Monday night, and stays home in Washington on Tuesday night. Three crews suffice to operate the train in both directions every night in the year. I have either little quick moving Jackson, big powerful Miller or dark silent Stone, who behind his silence has a heart as warm as the others. The advantage of taking the same car is that I have come to know the porters and they have come to know me, my habits and wishes. It creates a little of the home feeling—something indescribably precious to one who has to be away from home three or four nights out of seven. Thus, the nights I start writing none of my porters makes any suggestion of bed. But let me lean back relaxed, and a friendly voice is saying, "Ready for bed early to-night, Doctor?" If it turns cold, there is the suggestion of an extra blanket. If I seem fagged there is the suggestion of another pillow. And before the cynics get a chance to remark, "They simply are after the tip," I assert that at the root of the service is a sense of duty and a friendly spirit. These men take pride in being good porters, and, more than that, they are like any other normal human being, black, white, red, yellow or brown, they respond to friendly interest and kindness.

The attitude which some travelers take toward porters—Pullman, Red Caps, or whatever type—toward taxi drivers and various other kinds of public service servants, is an attitude of unfriendliness. It is sometimes sub-conscious. They sort of freeze up toward them, put on an armor, act defensive. I see travelers who feel that the usual tip to a porter is given simply because he brushes one off, and think because they don't let him brush them they are exempt from paying the fee. I am against brushing on cars, but for hygienic reasons only. The fee is a part of the fare—morally at least. No one can compel a passenger to pay it, but it is a long-established custom, and I find that it makes life richer for me, if I cultivate the mental habit of wanting the men to have it, of thinking how it goes toward paying for the little farm this one is buying in Michigan, or to educate the girl that one has in the Normal School, or to look after the invalid child a third one is so sad about.

The Pullman conductors are a mighty fine lot of men on the runs I have to make. Those on the Federal live in Boston and take their night off there. When they can't give an insistent passenger a lower they offer "a nice soft upper" in a tone which makes one think it far and away the choicest thing in the sleeping line that has been devised up to date.

"There is a frightful monotony about this jamming back and forth, isn't there?" said a friend not long ago.

"On the contrary," I replied, "no trip is like any other."

Think how many varying factors come in every time to make the equation of a journey different. Weather, season, the car itself, the condition of the engine, how other trains get along, the amount of work there is for our train to do, the crew, the passengers and ourselves.

Yes, we have to admit the last also. We are different men every time we go aboard. One night calm, another keen, still another lazy and indifferent. One night tired, another rested, a third betwixt and between. One night sure of God and His guidance, another a little afraid, a third not seeming to care.

And the same porters are different. One, not on our regular run, confided in me what a terrible day

at home he had had—his wife nagging him to take her to the movies or a dance, and all he wanted to do was to stay home quietly and rest. But he added: "It is hard on a woman for a man to be away two-thirds of the time. And they certainly ought to have recreation."

But one who does not travel regularly does not realize how the factors in the equation—outside ourselves—are changing. One night there is a heavy rain and the wind is blowing. As one lies down on his pillow, he senses that a mighty power is driving him on and on in the face of a great storm. Another night one raises the shade and looks out on the full moon sailing in beauty over the fields of Maryland, or shining on the waters of the Gunpowder, the Bush or the Susquehanna. One night it is bitter cold, and another night hot, and still another night it is neither.

Going south, there is in the winter season the question of the Everglades Limited five minutes ahead of us, and whether we will run in alongside of it at Providence, an hour out of Boston. Generally we do, and we see the various types of people headed for Florida, and wave through the windows at a child only four or five feet away, but many leagues away in fact.

Going north, there is the Western train which goes out five minutes ahead of us, with cars for Rochester, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Cleveland and Chicago. We catch this train in Baltimore almost always, for they have to put the engine on the other end in order to head for Harrisburg.

Sometimes we go in two sections and catch our first section in Baltimore. When the Everglades coming back from Florida is on time, she often comes in alongside of us in Baltimore. Not only are all these trains interesting, but the play becomes dramatic when a man out of Boston misses the Everglades and takes our train and catches it at Providence, or out of Washington misses the Western train and takes our train again and catches it at Baltimore, or belongs in the Springfield car on the first section, gets on the second by mistake and shifts over with just time to make it in Baltimore. Oh, there are interesting things happening always on the night run to Boston or to Washington.

Then we get a new car with easy springs or an old one with hard springs. We get one with a new little slide in the windows so passengers can ventilate for themselves, or we don't. Some nights there is a perfectly clear track. On other nights the train ahead gets into trouble, or once in a great while we get into trouble ourselves. The trouble is generally different each time.

Then there are the nights when we go along clickety click, clickety click, steady as an old plow horse, all night, and other nights when they have given the engineer one or two cars more than he ought to have for his engine, so that he has to jerk the train every time he tries to start.

I must confess that I rather like those nights because of the remarks when we are shaving in the morning. Those remarks are so feeling, so vivid, so lurid, so picturesque, that I feel like a mere tyro in the use of language, and consequently get inspiration to buckle down and really learn to express myself.

The thing which completely changes is the passengers. They make a different atmosphere in the car every run. Sometimes when one climbs aboard the train they seem nondescript, but soon something develops that is distinctive. Often I sit in the little smoking compartment for an hour before bedtime. One night the leading talker there is a man just back from China, where he has lived twenty-five years in trade, and the talk is about the upper reaches of some of the great rivers of China and curious customs of the vast interior. Another night somebody appears who has been spending the winter in California or in Florida, and the endless debate goes on as to the respective merits of our leading winter resorts. On the last trip up the man who had been in California took up the cudgels for Florida. "This winter Florida gave them all that was coming to them," he said. "Florida has the inside track now. It is easier to reach for a larger part of our population and there is something doing down there." "The greatest real estate market in the country is in Florida," he added, "in spite of all these Los Angeles boomers say." Another night a New York man told us about the lovely scenery around Santa Barbara, and the joy of a motor trip up along the coast with "magnificent views of the Pacific." Sometimes the talk is about preachers and sometimes it is about bootleggers. I learned one night that the price of a quart in Pinehurst had jumped up to $15 and that the man who was talking had "passed it up."

One night a fine old man who filled an important position with the Alien Property Custodian in Washington talked to me about the Lodges, the Cabots, the Lowells and other old Boston families, and taught me both the old and revised versions of

> "Here's to dear old Boston,
> Home of the bean and the cod."

I don't need to write down the first and I hardly dare write the second.

Then there is the man sometimes who gets on forgetting that a 7.30 p. m. one night train does not carry a diner. He hasn't had anything to eat. And as I always have Boston bread or rolls to eat in Washington and Washington salt rising bread or beaten biscuit to eat in Boston, I can at least stay the pangs of his hunger.

There are the nights when the train is full of students, the nights when we have delegates coming or going with their different badges and their widely differing missions, the nights when the car is half empty.

There is a different color to the crowd, a different atmosphere to the car, every time.

One night we have sophistication. Another night we have glaring inexperience.

When the lights are out, and all is still, it is amusing to hear the remarks of people who seem to believe they are as much alone as if they were in their rooms at home. One old man not long ago kept demanding of Maria what time it was now, and was she sure his "pants" were in a safe place, and didn't she think it a "little stuffy," etc., etc., etc.

Generally I sleep as if I really were just and righteous, but now and then outstanding things on

the route wake me. It may be the long bridge over the Susquehanna, or the tunnel under the Hudson or East River, or the stop in the Pennsylvania Station in New York, or the Hell Gate Bridge. One soon learns to tell without looking, just from the sound, where one is.

There is a strange pull on the imagination as one gets the distant lights of Philadelphia, New York or New London, looks down on the moving reflections in the big and little rivers and straits in the way, or catches the message of a lighthouse far away along the Sound.

Sometimes there is the lady in the other berth of the section who acts desperately afraid you may be going to speak to her, and sometimes the lady who seems afraid you aren't. Both are amusing and both are just as well to leave in sole possession until they disappear for the night. Most women traveling alone are matter of fact, unembarrassed, grateful for any little services, and competent to paddle their own canoes.

One night when I was taking the New York train, I went to bed and to sleep in the South Station at 10 o'clock, when the car was opened and ready for occupancy. About 12.10 we stopped at the Back Bay Station and a man flung his suit-case heavily in on me. I demanded (kindly, I assume, inasmuch as I am "a religious editor") what the hick he was doing, and he withdrew it. Soon arrived a porter for my Pullman receipt. Next arrived the conductor with his lantern and his chart. Two of us had tickets for lower five. The man in the aisle demanded his rights. He said his wife was in lower seven, the next berth. So I started to get up, but the conductor fixed it by giving him lower nine—at the feet of the presumably recumbent lady, instead of at her head. Midnight then gradually threw her darkest shades around us, the last sounds of unlacing shoes and jingling keys died down, and I sank off again to sleep. Along late in the night, 2.15 a. m. I think it was, back came the conductor, a weary, patient, resigned sort of man we had this night, and, shaking me, said he lacked a ticket for the lady in lower seven. Stung by the imputation and the repeated assaults on my peace, I forcibly told him that I wasn't the gentleman who belonged to the lady in lower seven, and that he ought to know it for he himself had put the man in lower nine. Off he went with chart and lantern, grumbling again about "a ticket missing for lower seven."

There are few such nights, and when there are there is always a funny side to them.

In fact there is a funny and a serious side to all of it. That is why it never palls on me. The trip is always interesting.

In one sense it is a hardship—so much traveling. In another sense it is a blessing. It makes one realize more keenly how much one cares for the one left behind. It gives one a different perspective on one's work.

It does not interfere with work. It helps it. The journey not only gives one new thoughts, it acts like a precipitate on a mixture of thoughts, and frequently brings something clearly to mind.

And there is no place where one can write with so little interruption as on a train.

The best nights, though, are when congenial friends are along. Solitude is blessed. Society of the right sort is more blessed.

Already twice brother editors and many times brother ministers have taken the same train.

But I have said nothing about the charge that Pullman sleepers are uncomfortable and indecent. Some years ago I heard Dr. Harvey W. Wiley say publicly that when he got through with the pure food fight, he intended to tackle Pullman cars. "I intend," said he, "to set some of my young men to work to ascertain what it is that we breathe in Pullman cars. It certainly is not air."

Since that day, conditions have improved. Major Oliver P. Newman said at the Cosmos Club, Washington, recently that one of the greatest inventions of the past quarter of a century was the little ventilating slot in the outside sash of a Pullman car window, by means of which the passenger in the lower berth can regulate the ventilation for himself.

I always rejoice when I strike a car with this new device, and I am told that as fast as the old cars are run to the shops for other repairs, this ventilator is added.

Apart from that, there is unquestionably a higher standard of intelligence in Pullman conductors and Pullman porters than there used to be. They are trying to make the cars more sanitary and more comfortable.

In the upper berth passengers do not have any individual ventilator, but they always get better air up there.

The cars I use are scrupulously clean.

As to the indecency and promiscuity of Pullman cars, it is largely imaginary. I never see any indecency.

I am not one of the fools who see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil. I know it exists. It exists on trains, in churches, in hotels, and in our weak and wayward hearts. But to retire in a perfectly refined, ladylike way is possible for a lady in a car as well as in her own home. It is not as convenient, to be sure, but when one learns how, one learns he has about all he needs to be comfortable on a train.

The thousands who travel by night in day coaches might have to tell a different story, but even that seems palatial in comparison with some of the box cars the boys used in the war.

The element of safety seldom enters into my calculations, for I know I am safer on a train than on the streets of Boston or Washington. The cars now are made of steel and can stand a mighty blow. Most people travel for a lifetime without ever getting in a wreck. If eventually they are wrecked the chances are 100 to one that they will be shaken up or bumped about a little rather than seriously hurt, or killed. My relatives in the insurance business may not approve this statement, but in this faith I lay me down in peace and sleep.

It is well to remember that everything dangerous —aerial bombs, high explosive shells, chimney pots, brickbats, bullets, automobiles, peas from a pea-shooter—miss more people than they hit. The fields are wide. The human target is small. If this seems a low level on which to put my thought, then remember that the two classes of things which it is utter

folly to worry about are those we can help and those we can't help. If we can, let us do it. If we can't we might as well forget it.

An irate subscriber who has found out just what kind of editor we are is much more to be dreaded than a train which may bump into us twenty-five years from now.

If one would keep records, note down odd sayings, sketch briefly picturesque characters, keep a journal of happenings, one could write a volume on Pullman experiences. It wouldn't be a bad or useless book either, if it were well done. It would give us a cross section of life. It would show us people at their best, their worst and their average. It would help us understand them better.

My own faith in the goodness of man is deepened by these contacts with all sorts and conditions of people.

There are the coarse and vulgar, the selfish and inconsiderate, the ignorant and inexperienced, but, by and large, the race exhibited on Pullmans is a good race. On many trails and routes and roads, they are making the same journey of life.

And as I have gone to and fro I have had nothing to weaken my faith that there is a God who can stay with those who stay and yet go with those who go, and be everywhere for good.

It may be true, as some one said to me lately, that such a faith belongs to the childhood of the race. But somehow or other I feel more and more sure that the bigger and better we get, the more convinced we will be that it is true.

Church Union in Canada

Richard Roberts

"A coat without seam, woven from the top throughout."

ON June 10 of this year, after twenty years of negotiation, the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational Churches of Canada will join together and become the "United Church of Canada." To them will be added, at the same time, a number of local churches already formed on a "union" basis, and the American Presbyterian Church of Montreal, which for the 102 years of its history has been a constituent of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. The new Church will have between eight and nine thousand congregations and preaching stations.

I

Back of this event, it is possible to trace two streams of influence. The first is that the essential genius of Reformed Christianity in Canada has been "Union." This, no doubt, arose in the first instance from the necessities of the case. In the difficult conditions of a new, sparsely-populated country, it became very quickly evident that Old World divisions were irrelevant and obstructive. The first non-Episcopal Protestant church in Canada was a "union" church—the "Protestant Dissenters' Chapel" at Halifax founded in 1747; and it was made up of Scots Presbyterians and New England Congregationalists. In 1817 certain sects, which had carried with them an old Scots quarrel and had formed themselves into the Burgher Presbytery of Truro and the anti-Burgher Presbytery of Pictou, made peace and from that time on the tide of Union has never been stayed. These figures will show how strong and steady that tide has been: Unions in Canada—Among Presbyterians, 1818, 1840, 1850, 1860, 1861, 1866, 1868, 1875. Among Methodists, 1820, 1833, 1837, 1840, 1847, 1854, 1874, 1884. Among Congregationalists, 1906, 1907.

There has been an act of Church Union on the average every five years during the last century, and the great Union of 1925 is the logical conclusion of this tendency.

The second influence grew out of the necessities of evangelization in the Northwest. Some co-operation had been set afoot before the present negotiations had been started; but it was in 1908 that the co-operative movement assumed a considerable momentum—a circumstance to be attributed to the recent inauguration of the discussion of organic union. The co-operative plan was three-fold: (*a*) Certain territories were handed over to one or other of the negotiating Churches, and members of all three Churches were urged to join the congregations of the occupying Church; (*b*) Churches organized on "The Basis of Union" (which was first issued in 1908) and affiliated to one or other of the negotiating Churches; (*c*) independent local unions not affiliated to any of the parent Churches but organized on the "Basis of Union." It will be seen how strong this current flowed when it is reported that to-day of congregations in class (*a*) there are 1014, in class (*b*) 176, in class (*c*) 55, making a total of 1,245 pastoral charges, representing three thousand preaching stations.

There has besides been much co-operation in ministerial education and in institutional and local work. The coming Union is once more the logical outcome of this co-operative impulse.

As time went on, it became clearer that the argument for Union from the practical necessities of the Kingdom of God in Canada was reinforced by other considerations drawn from Scripture and history; which only goes to show that when we go on doing the next right thing in the light that is given to us, we find ourselves in the line of the Will of God.

II

There is nothing that calls for special attention in the negotiations of the last twenty years. They were marked by the vicissitudes which attend upon all such discussions; and there has been much inexcusable delay at this point and that. Even with all the care that has been taken to meet the requirements of all the parties to this Union, it is now clear that a fifth of the Presbyterian congregations will remain outside the Union and organize themselves into a new Presbyterian Church. But it is difficult to see what

prospect a Church has which organizes itself on a definitely sectarian, anti-union basis, in a country which has made "Union" almost its religious watchword.

There has been a deplorably bitter controversy in the Presbyterian Church—the non-concurring minority have been persistently and ubiquitously active—and it has to be testified that the Methodist Church, of which unworthy things have been said by the anti-union extremists, has kept a fine and Christian silence throughout this unpleasant episode. But while the anti-union party is still needlessly hindering the remainder of the necessary legislation for securing the civil standing of the new Church, the eventual issue is in no doubt. The main legislation in the Dominion Parliament was passed last July; and at the moment there are only two or three Provincial enactments still to be secured. The Dominion Act makes due provision to secure the equities of the non-concurrents in the matter of church property.

The Basis of Union is in two parts, the first relating to doctrinal standards, the second to Church Polity. The doctrinal part is a summary of the Evangelical faith substantially as it is held in all Evangelical Churches. Concerning it, no more needs to be said here than is contained in the testimony of one of the prominent present opponents of union. "Their statement of doctrine," said this gentleman when the Basis first appeared, "will be of permanent value to the Christian world. It will be a standing testimony to the essential unity of the Protestant Evangelical Church both in this and in other lands, and will be of value in helping to set before the world the substance of the Protestant Christian faith." As for the section on Church Polity, its character may be gathered from the judgment of another opponent of union, who has said that it is "practically Presbyterian." Evidently the aim of the Joint Committee on Polity has been realized, to "provide substantial congregational freedom and at the same time to secure the benefits of a strong connexional tie and co-operative agency." These two verdicts may be allowed to stand.

It was probably inevitable that the polity of the new Church should be in general Presbyterian. As between the comparatively high centralization of Methodist polity and the local autonomy of the Congregational churches, Presbytery is obviously the *via media*. There are, it is true, in nomenclature and procedure certain minor deviations from the usual Presbyterian practise; but none but a very obstinate controversialist could deny the polity of the United Church to be genuinely Presbyterian.

In one matter there is a modification which is worth some attention, namely, in the formula of subscription for ministers. Virtually all purely doctrinal matters have been eliminated from the public questions to be asked of a minister at his ordination. The questions are:

1. Do you believe yourself to be a child of God through faith in our Lord Jesus Christ?

2. Do you believe yourself to be called of God to the office of the Christian ministry, and your chief motives to be zeal for the glory of God, love for the Lord Jesus Christ, and desire for the salvation of men?

3. Are you persuaded that the Holy Scriptures contain sufficiently all doctrines required for eternal salvation in our Lord Jesus Christ, and are you resolved out of the said Scriptures to instruct the people committed to your charge and to teach nothing which is not agreeable thereto?

It will be observed that these questions are of a purely religious kind, plainly the questions proper to the solemnity of ordination. For this reason, it has been urged by the opponents of union that there is nothing here to prevent a Seventh Day Adventist or a Mormon from gaining admission into the ministry of the United Church. To this the answer is in part that any person who sought to be admitted into this ministry knowing its evangelical basis and not himself accepting it, would be acting in bad faith; and to such a person no doctrinal tests, however cunningly contrived, would prove an embarrassment. But the remainder of the answer is stated in the Basis of Union, which provides that candidates for ordination "shall be examined on the Statement of Doctrine of the United Church and shall, before ordination, satisfy the examining body that they are in essential agreement therewith and that, as ministers of the Church, they accept the statement as in substance agreeable to the teaching of Holy Scriptures." It may be claimed that while the United Church will ask for (and by its method of examination will probably secure) loyalty to central and essential evangelical truth, its ministers will be relieved of that embarrassment of conscience which has been so frequently felt by the inclusion in formulas of subscription of terms which almost imply a literal consent even to the marginalia of a Confession of Faith.

According to the Basis of Union, existing congregations will be free to continue their past mode of life, "subject in general affairs to the legislation, principles and discipline of the United Church." Churches will be at liberty to call their own ministers; and the pastoral relation is to be without a time limit. The congregation's freedom of choice is (as in Presbyterian polity) subject to the review of a higher authority, namely, the Settlement Committee. This committee is appointed by the Conference, and will represent all the Presbyteries within the bounds of the Conference. To this body will fall the duty of seeing that the congregations within its jurisdiction shall have a suitable and continuous ministry; and it is specially enjoined to act in consultation with the congregations as need may arise. The existing pastoral charges will retain their own courts; a charge formed after Union will have a Session in charge of its spiritualities, and a Board of Stewards in charge of its temporalities. Above the courts of the congregation will be: (1) The Presbytery, composed of an equal number of ministers and lay office-bearers, representing the congregations within its bounds; (2) Conference similarly constituted and embracing a number of Presbyteries, which, together with ordinary synodical duties of administration, will have the responsibility of examining and ordaining candidates for the ministry; (3) the General Council, with a similar constitution and embracing all the Conferences, meeting biennially. With few exceptions, the functions of these courts

are those of their analogies in current Presbyterian and Methodist usage.

III

One consequence of the controversy has been to raise and to settle for the United Church the important question of its relation to the State. Naturally, the anti-unionist party has made great use of the House of Lords' decision in the Scottish Churches case, though it has not been careful to point out its consequences—the subsequent legislation of the House of Commons which reversed the effect of the decision of the Lords, or the general reaffirmation by Presbyterian Churches of their autonomy in spiritual affairs and their right to change, modify or add to their formularies. In Ontario, the anti-unionists decided to contest the right of the Presbyterian Church to enter into the Union, and in January, 1924, they sought a writ in the Supreme Court of Canada to restrain certain ministers and elders of the Presbyterian Church, the Moderator, Dr. Gandier of Toronto, and others who were with him members of the General Assembly's Union Committee, from taking the necessary steps to consummate the Union. In the original draft of the bill, it had not been sufficiently recognized what were the limits within which Parliament was competent to act in such a matter—an oversight not unnatural, as the issue had not been previously raised in Canada—but the issue of the bill of complaint in connection with the proceedings made it perfectly clear that certain rights of the Church were imperiled and had to be safeguarded. The Act of Union was seen to be a specifically *religious* act, which required no sanction from the State; and it was not within the power of the civil magistrate either to confirm it or to prevent it. The responsibility of the temporal authority was confirmed exclusively to the consequences of the Act of Union in respect of the civil status and the temporalities of the parties concerned. The anti-union movement for the writ was therefore rightly interpreted as having the effect of acknowledging the subordination of the Church to the State even in the matter of its spiritual affairs.

Furthermore, the writ of complaint set out in detail certain points in which the new Basis of Union departed from the Westminster Confession, and pleaded that consent to these divergences constituted a breach of trust on the part of those who were carrying out the decisions of the General Assembly. In effect, it was represented that the Presbyterian Church had no right to depart from the terms of the Westminster Confession. It is perhaps worth putting on record as an example of the extremes to which the Ontario anti-unionists were willing to push their case that among other complaints we find these deviations from the Westminster Confession cited:

> Paragraph 101: (*a*) *The Confession of Faith*, Chapter 3: God has eternally predestinated a fixed number of men and angels to eternal life.
>
> *The Basis of Union*, Article VI: We believe that God in His own good pleasure, gave His Son a people, an innumerable multitude, chosen in Christ unto holiness, service and salvation.
>
> (*f*) *The Confesson of Faith*, Chapter 3: Others God hath decreed to death.
>
> Omitted in *Basis of Union*.
>
> (*g*) *The Confession of Faith:* While all are sinners, yet Christ died only for those who shall be saved, *i. e.*, the elect. Those not appointed unto life he passes by.
>
> *The Basis of Union*, Article VI: God, in His Gospel, freely offers His all-sufficient salvation to all men.

These citations have already proved a considerable embarrassment to opponents of union of a more liberal mind, and they are likely to prove even more embarrassing in the future. For the unionists, however, it showed the need of incorporating in the act a provision to safeguard the Church's right from time to time to revise its doctrinal basis.

From these circumstances, then, came the following clause:

> 28: Notwithstanding anything in this Act contained, it is hereby declared:
>
> (*a*) That the said union of the negotiating Churches has been formed by the free and independent action of the said Churches through their governing action and in accordance with their respective constitutions, and that this Act has been passed at the request of the said Churches in order to incorporate the United Church and to make necessary provision with respect to the property of the negotiating Churches and the other matters dealt with by this Act.
>
> (*b*) That nothing in this Act contained shall be deemed to limit the independent and exclusive right and power of the United Church to legislate in all matters concerning its doctrine, worship, discipline and government, including therein the right and power from time to time to frame, adopt, alter, change, add to or modify its laws, subordinate standards and formulas, and to determine and declare the same or any of them, but subject to the conditions and safeguards in that behalf contained in the Basis of Union.
>
> (*c*) That the United Church by virtue of its independent and exclusive right and power to legislate in respect of the matters mentioned in the next preceding sub-section has the right to unite with any other church or religious denomination without loss of its identity upon such terms as it may find to be consistent with the principles, doctrines and religious standards set forth in the Basis of Union, or any amendment thereof made by the General Council under the provisions of the Basis of Union.

IV

It is, I think, true to say that this is the greatest experiment in Christian reunion since the Reformation; and I say that with deliberation. It is probably the greatest in the geographical area and the number of people involved: but I am not thinking of that, but of the greatness of the experiment in view of the diversity of the elements that are going to be fused into a single thing. You may trace the genealogy of Presbyterianism, Methodism and Congregationalism back in unbroken succession to the Upper Room in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost, though a good deal of the family likeness has been lost in the interval. To-day, little is to be gained by recalling "the far-off unhappy things and battles long ago," by which the family was broken up; but here we have three groups of Christians which, living apart, have in course of time evolved their own tradition, their own technique, and their own doctrinal emphasis, while remaining true to the central positions of an Evangelical faith.

There have been unions of Presbyterian groups before this, and there have been unions of Methodist groups. But not yet has there been a union of Presbyterians, Methodists, and Congregationalists. It is a new thing in the world, and a bold thing. Presbyterians and Methodists have been separated by a doctrinal emphasis; the former followed John Calvin and the latter Arminius. And the difference was at bottom about the relative places of God and man in the business of man's salvation. Arminius gave more room to the human agent than Calvin with his doctrine of Divine Sovereignty could. But nowadays we see that the whole of God and the whole of man are to be engaged in the task of redemption. I remember that thirty years ago my old principal at college said on a public occasion, much to the scandal of his own Orthodox brethren, that he looked forward to the time when we should have a new theology which should be more human than Calvinism and more divine than Arminianism—a theology that would include and do full justice to the truth of both. And we are going to have such a theology. The doctrinal basis of reunion upon which the Canadian Churches are being united is an attempt, inadequate, as all such attempts must be, to compound traditions and antecedents into a single document. But it merely represents the point from which we start, and not a point at which we shall remain. In the very process of living together we shall inevitably reach a fuller and more balanced religious experience, and out of that experience will grow a truer and richer theology than that of Calvin's Institutes or John Wesley's sermons.

Furthermore, there have been differences of technique and discipline, of church order and government, which will be fused together into a new whole. Presbyterianism and Methodism, with their array of church courts, have not always given due attention to freedom in their zeal for order, but the Congregationalists are coming in with their traditional zeal for "the liberty of prophesying" and their strong emphasis upon congregational autonomy. In the new Church there will be no stereotyping, no rubber-stamping, no goose-step; every congregation will be free to develop its own distinctive life and service, to make whatsoever experiments and changes it desire, so long as it is legal to the general pact of union. And we live in good hope that we shall grow into a Church in which the old vexed problem of maintaining order and freedom at the same time will be solved. I need not go on to speak of other contributions of temper and practise that each of the uniting Churches will bring into the common stock. But all this fusion will take time. The new Church will not emerge ready-made.

On the tenth of June next, we shall gather the materials together and put them into the pot, and the fusion will go on in the fellowship and the common service that will follow. It is probably true that some of us will not be able to forget that we were Presbyterians or Methodists or Congregationalists—and I am not sure that it is yet desirable that we should—but our children and our children's children will. I do not know what they will call themselves, for the name of the Church does not supply them with a handy label. Perhaps they will simply call themselves "Christians," and that will be as it should be. I confess that I am even now finding satisfaction in the prospect that within a few months I shall be a Christian minister without a doctrinal or a sectarian label.

Now, I am free to admit that in this matter the future interests me much more than does the past. Not indeed that I would depreciate the past, but, after all, the proper place of the past is behind us. We build not with the past but upon it. And what fills my own mind when I think of the United Church is the promise it holds that we may some day have here in Canada a "seamless coat" for Christ. It is true that there are bodies of Christians who remain outside the present movement. But the logic of Christian reunion is irresistible when it gets under way; so plain is this that I have heard none of the opponents of reunion even suggest that the present first step will fail or that the United Church of Canada will fall apart. None of us pretend that the process can be swift; it is our business to see that it is sure, and it will be just as swift and just as sure as we make it.

V

"A coat without seam, woven from the top throughout," but whose? Whose indeed if not his for whose coat they once did cast lots! Not since that day has his coat been seamless, for you remember how even in Corinth they began to rend it; and how it is on the face of the earth to-day a thing of rags and tatters. Here we are beginning to piece it together once more, and the "invisible mending" of love will help us to join the pieces together so that in our part of it no man may see a seam. But this is only a beginning and, please God, the coat shall one day be whole again. The hope we cherish, who go into the United Church, does not end with the United Church. For, as I understand the logic of our present duty, it carries within it the hope that one day the people shall be the Church and the Church the people. "I saw no temple therein," said the seer of the New Jerusalem. There was no temple; yet it was all temple, "for the Lord God and the Lamb shall be the temple thereof." The Church is the body of Christ that it may make whole peoples and at last all mankind into the Body of Christ; but the Church first digs where it stands. The United Church of Canada can have no enterprise short of that of making the Canadian nation a member of Christ, and to that it will, by the sheer logic of its birth, address itself. This is the road along which lies the appointed goal of evolution and history and revelation; and by its own union, this new young Church has given its pledge to this august conclusion. The story is familiar how Savonarola challenged the people of Florence with the question: "Will you have this Christ for your King?" And the story tells how the children trooped out to the cathedral crying, "Jesus Christ is the King of Florence," and the citizens caught the cry until the city rang with it: "Jesus Christ is the King of the Florentines." And I look into the future and I see a time when from ocean to ocean this dominion will be filled with a people saying in its heart: "*Jesus Christ is our King.*" The fisherman will cry out to

the miner, and the miner to the merchant: "Jesus Christ is our King!" And the merchant will cry out to the manufacturer, and the manufacturer to him that tills the soil: "Jesus Christ is our King!" The cities will cry out to the prairies, and the prairies to the mountains and the mountains to the sea: "Jesus Christ is our King!"

Montreal, Canada.

Why Mr. Marvin Believes in the Ministry*

Reignold K. Marvin

IF I were to live my life over again, I should choose the work of the Christian ministry. Indeed, with the knowledge of the ministry I possess now, I should enter upon the career with fewer misgivings than were mine at the start of my life work. There were about fifty young men preparing for the Church as contemporaries of mine in Crane Theological School. To-day there are scarcely half that number in the same school. Grace Church in all its long history, I regret to state, has provided only one candidate for the ministry. Young men to-day are not noticeably seeking the ministry. Why? It is said youth is eager for quick and visible results and also for wealth. At once the question arises, what is wealth? If wealth is only material—coin of the realm—and if such wealth is the goal, the ministry may disappoint misguided mercenaries. But if wealth is freedom and service, no profession has so much to give. The newspaper editor has power, but he never comes in personal contact with his readers. The lawyer has power, but he has no freedom within law but must move along the course charted by the sins and errors of his clients. Daniel Webster, eminent in law, once declared the lawyer spends his life dealing with negative things. The merchant has power, but his freedom is curtailed by the public and he must buy and sell what the public wants. A preacher has wings in comparison. The physician has power, but he does not mingle with people when they are at their best, but at their worst. They don't want him calling on them when they are well, especially at five dollars a visit. His service is almost as limited and negative in scope as that of the lawyer. But the minister has the freedom of God's universe into which he may send his spirit to seek the truth, and he walks with man as with a brother and a friend rather than in the circumscribed circles that limit the lawyer, or doctor, or merchant, or editor. The ministry has immeasurable wealth of freedom and service, and no other profession has so much. John Ruskin said, "The issues of life and death for modern society are in the pulpit." It is worth sweating blood through the eight hundred weeks of these twenty years in order to have some message in the allotted thirty minutes on Sunday morning that will now warn of sin, now comfort in sorrow, now revive the faint, and open all souls to receive the spirit of the Master.

A minister's wealth? Not millions in dollars, but millions in friendships. I would not exchange millions of dollars for certain letters I have received from discouraged young men and women who confess they have been encouraged; from the fathers and mothers of prodigal sons and daughters who have been restored to the bosom of their families; from working girls who have kept themselves from going wrong when sorely tempted by less than a living wage. An instance or two may be cited, common enough in the experience of any minister who is on the job. A Dean Academy student hailed me in the lobby of Young's Hotel. He was a graduate of some ten years ago and his name and face had escaped me.

He introduced himself anew and, to my utter astonishment, in a confidential chat gave me a complete outline of a sermon preached ten years ago in Grace Church on "Making the Iron Swim," or "Doing the Impossible," based on the familiar episode in the life of the Prophet Elisha. For some reason that psychologists can explain, if preachers can not, that sermon lodged in his memory for a decade though it had utterly gone from mine, and he told me that it had helped him over the hard places in his business career, when things broke against him and he was ready to quit. "You said we could do the impossible in that sermon of yours," declared this astonishing young man, "and I am just now getting where my head is above water, like Elisha's iron." No check a pastor gets for his monthly wage can lift him up to the seventh heaven of soul-rewarding experiences like that, and every minister has them if he will but forget his salary and remember his real wage.

One night at midnight the door-bell of the manse rang wildly. The dominie, who is more apt to be up late at night than early in the morning, answered the call. A well-known town character stood at the door. He claimed no church connection. "Won't you let me spend an hour with you?" he said in meek and timid tones. "The old hankering is on me, but I've signed the pledge and don't want to break out!" And so he entered and we talked for a while, and listened to the victrola, until he could steady his raw nerves and overcome his craving and go out into the night a conqueror.

Such is a minister's wealth, and what other can compare with it—to serve and to be useful to all sorts and conditions of people, our brothers in Christ? No cross-word puzzle can present such fascinating and varied problems. From morning until night you never know what human problem is to be presented to you. There is no dull routine, as in the life of a lawyer, a doctor, or a merchant. It goes without saying it is also the most exacting profession. In a large and true sense, the best equipped man is not fit for it. But the great thing is to make an honest try at it.

Jesus said the preacher is the sower. His wild-flying seed may take root and grow far beyond his own scene of sowing. It is exciting enough to sow the seed in one field and later learn that seed bore a harvest a thousand miles away. For my own self-

*Extract from sermon preached in Grace Church, Franklin, Mass., Feb. 1, 1925, on the pastor's twentieth anniversary.

respect, I like to think of Jesus' parable of the sower when I have attended a play or a moving picture where the custom of the day is to slander ministers by representing them as fools and knaves. It is not so in actual life nor in worthy literature. Chaucer, in the dawn of English poetry, presents a picture of the parish priest, rich in soul if poor in goods, gentle, persuasive, eloquent, indifferent to preferment, content to do his Master's work with fidelity in an obscure parish. Goldsmith gives us a picture of the country parson in his "Deserted Village"—

> "A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year."

His house was open to all, beggars were his guests and the "old soldier, kindly bade to stay, sat by his fire and talked the night away." "And so he watch'd and wept and pray'd and felt for all, allured to brighter worlds and led the way." Wordsworth, in his poem, "Excursion," dwells on the unworldly character of the rural minister, preferring the country to the city parish, because of the simpler ways and more responsive faith of country folk:

> "The father of his people, such is he—
> And rich and poor and young and old rejoice
> Under his spiritual sway."

Victor Hugo, in "Les Miserables," presents a noble bishop, who hears a thief in the house at night and goes downstairs and disarms his evil intent by saying: "This is not my house, it is the Lord's house—I assume you are cold and hungry. Everything here is yours, as you are one of the Lord's children and this is His house." All these are truer pictures of the minister as he is than those set forth to-day on the stage and screen.

Washington

Lyman Ward

I CHANCED to be in Portland, Maine, last spring and, meeting Dr. J. F. Albion, he said: "I was mighty glad to see you in Washington. I fully intended to see more of you, but so many of my New England friends were in town that I was kept busy and had no time." Out in Minneapolis last fall Dr. Marion D. Shutter and I were talking about Washington. He had been a preacher at the Capital City in the same series which brought Dr. Albion to the city. I was telling Dr. Shutter how pleased the friends were with the large audience which welcomed him, and he replied, "More than half of Minneapolis seemed to be in Washington the day I preached there."

Many years ago I was busy one Sunday morning preparing my commencement sermon when word was brought to me that a friend from an adjoining town wanted to see me. She was starting for Washington that day and must have a letter from me to Dr. van Schaick. On the principle that it is easier to see such people and have it over, I said, "Let her come in." The note was quickly written and then, feeling that perhaps I had been a trifle brusque, I said, "I could give you a card to the pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, if you would like." She was a Methodist and that was just what she wanted. So my note was given and the lady went her way. Months afterward I learned that this good woman was invited to be a guest in the home, and that she was so enamored of the beautiful city that she nearly wore out the hospitality of this good man and his wife. She remained all summer and a good part of the fall.

This incident would have no place in this letter only that I want to show that every one goes to Washington. It has been said that poetry is written in two ways, by inspiration and by perspiration. Cities usually are of natural growth—a sort of attenuated cow path, if you please. Washington, however, is a deliberately planned city, and its beauty is a thing that grows upon you from day to day. The streets, the parks, the wonderful buildings, the statuary, all impress you, and it is no wonder that my Alabama friend spent all her summer and a good part of the autumn in the alluring atmosphere of Washington. I am not accustomed to say that my life has been a disappointment, but I am disappointed that I have not been privileged to spend months and years in Washington where I have spent only days.

My first visit to the city was before the days of automobiles, and I think I have never enjoyed the city more than on that first occasion, when I drove about in a battered old coach with a befo' de wa' driver pointing out places of interest. I had read much about the Washington of other days and was particularly interested in the description George William Curtis gave of the city as he first saw it. My Washington, however, was vastly better and cleaner than the Washington Curtis portrayed. I think the Congressional Library had been built, although of this I am not sure. However, I soon began visiting the Library as I passed through the city. Many times Mrs. Ward and I have spent the entire day there, and on several occasions we took our young daughter, largely, I must confess, because we had nowhere else to place her. If to-day she is not "literary" it is not due to the lack of introduction by her parents at a very early period in her career. In Washington we have seen the Indians from the far West and cowboys from the Bad Lands, and citizens from everywhere. I have ridden through the streets in the famous rubber-neck motor buses and enjoyed it, even though I may have felt a bit abashed when the bus halted in front of the residence of Nicholas Longworth and the announcer said, "The lady peering out of that window is Alice Roosevelt Longworth, sometimes called 'Princess Alice.'"

Once I spent a week at the Metropolitan Hotel, the guest of the Congressman from my district, Hon. C. W. Thompson of Tuskegee. This was many years ago and many of the Southern Representatives lived at the hotel, among them being John Sharp Williams, who later became Senator. I remember one afternoon Booker Washington came into the lobby of the hotel to see Mr. Thompson, and nothing could have

been finer than the cordiality with which some ten or fifteen Congressmen who happened to be lounging in the lobby at that time met Washington. This reminds me of a cold winter's night that I happened to be waiting in the Terminal Station for a train going South. I saw not far away a rather distinguished looking old negro. I at once recognized him as Bishop Turner of Atlanta. I had met the Bishop on several occasions, so I went over and spoke to him. We had a delightful chat for a half hour or more, and our conversation finally turned to Senator Tillman. Turner told me that he and Tillman were very good friends, and that really he was a much better friend of the negro than he was credited with being. He said that much of his talk about the negro was simply political. There surely was another side to the life of Tillman, for in my school at one time there were two poor boys who were directly related to the Senator and he was accustomed to write these boys three or four times during the term.

We held a public meeting once in the Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Church, South. The pastor was Dr. Forest J. Prettyman. He was busy with formulating plans for a great new church, and the whole denomination was collecting money to erect the church. Prettyman, however, helped me every way he could. I have forgotten who the speakers were except for Judge Smith of Iowa. Champ Clark was to have been present and spoken but at the last moment was called out of town. Chaplain Couden introduced me to him. Dr. Prettyman was for many years chaplain of the Senate. I am glad to relate that the new church met the expectations of the pastor, and to-day not far from the Carnegie Public Library is the beautiful new Mt. Vernon Place Methodist Church. The building itself is a distinct contribution to the new Washington, which is everywhere evident. Prettyman felt, as he often expressed it, that his denomination never did a finer thing than to erect this church in the Capital of the nation.

I wonder if I may relate another experience. I was thrown upon the trail of the late Senator Perkins of California. Mr. Perkins did not take kindly to education among the whites at the South. I tried to show that different sections of the country had different race problems, and when I brought up the Japanese question in California he told me that that was an entirely different matter. Senator Perkins was most charming, although I could not get from him what I wanted. Several of my good donors in Washington were Unitarians, and I wished for an opportunity to speak in their church and wanted the endorsement of such a man as Perkins. They, like my Methodist friends, were laying plans for a new church, and now their dreams have come into fruition and one of the most distinctively American buildings at the Capital is the new Unitarian church, which the denomination has taken a long time to build, but has finally erected.

Among my Washington friends are a gentleman and his wife who are Episcopalians, and they write me now and then how they would like to give more to Camp Hill but can not on account of the many enterprises of their Church, not the least of which is the rearing of a great edifice on St. Albans Heights. There on this noble eminence is to be one of the finest cathedrals in the world. So with the Baptists, and the Presbyterians, and the Roman Catholics, and how many other denominations I do not know.

Washington is a city of moods, or rather I am a man of moods, and under a certain mood I might refer to Washington as a veritable city of God with her wonderfully beautiful churches and temples. But Washington is beautiful also in her other buildings—the great edifice for the South American Republics, and the never-to-be-forgotten Hall of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Lincoln Memorial and the deathless Arlington. The Terminal Station is itself a dream and I never tire of walking about it or sitting on the restful benches watching the race of men go by. The other night a little child was talking to its mother about the day it had spent in Washington. I lay in my berth just across from him and could hear his childish prattle, and it was, "Mamma, how high is the Washington Monument, and does Mr. Coolidge live all alone in the White House, and how much do you suppose the White House cost?" Then he cried out, "Oh, there is the Capitol, see how it is lighted up," and then he added, "Mamma, I like that best." So when my reluctant feet leave Washington I have the benediction of the great dome with its myriad lights beaming down upon me, for it is oftenest that I leave the fair city at night. The average city mirrors the souls of men. Washington is the soul of America. All our hopes and fears are centered there.

Our Need of a Richer Inner Life

Daniel Evans

THERE are some houses the exteriors of which are very impressive, but whose interiors are not beautiful. There are other houses whose exteriors may not be as impressive but whose interiors give evidence of refinement, culture, love, companionship and the peace of heaven.

These houses are symbols of human life. There are persons whose outer lives are impressive enough, not only in their demeanor but also in their achievements. They are active, eager, ambitious, always hard at work, and they accomplish many things. But after the day's work is done, or when the vacation comes, or when they wander into some region of life and thought other than the material and the commercial, they disclose their inner poverty. They are without intellectual resources; they have little or no interior life.

This is characteristic too of our modern civilization. The exterior of life has been immensely developed. We have done marvels in inventions, production, transportation and the political organization of the world. We wonder frequently what our forefathers would think and say if they could return and see our marvelous modern world. We wonder,

too, what they would think and say if questions of the inner life came up for discussion, such as refinement of taste, enjoyment of beauty or of sublimity, pursuit of truth, commerce with the master minds and meditation on everlasting verities.

It is the lack of a rich inner life that accounts for our undue interest in and hot haste for material possessions, our ready recourse to amusement to be entertained and taken out of ourselves, our devouring of ephemeral books, our following of herd instincts, and not living our own life, and our comparatively little interest in the religious services of the churches.

There is sore need of cultivating the inner life and making it rich and deep. We need to secure more leisure and enjoy a little quiet when we can possess our souls in patience, take in hand some enduring book and have companionship with a deep seeing mind, sit before a fine picture and let its beauty steal into our imagination, listen to some uplifting strain of music to save us from the din and noise of the world, set our hearts upon the great souls of the race to be inspired for high endeavors by the nobility of their moral achievements, commune with God in the early quiet light or in the night watches and feel the wonder of His goodness, the nearness of His presence, the glory of His character, and enjoy life's highest privilege in our fellowship with Him.

The men and women who have been rich in heart and soul have cultivated and made beautiful their inner life. They may or may not have had many material possesions, but they had much spiritual worth, for "they were rich towards God." This is the truer culture of life and it is the great need of our times. It gives the churches important and urgent tasks. We would like to have more "Churches of the Inner Life."

Our Prayers Together

Florence H. Perin

IN an interesting legend, we are told that in Heaven at twilight a great bell softly rings, and if one is in prayerful mood, and if the thoughts of his heart are pure, he may listen to the wonderful music and hear a message in its tones as if it were the very voice of God. Thus the legend suggests an inner meaning, only to be found if we look within our own hearts. We may commune with God only through what is good in our natures. What is the secret of a pure heart? The consciousness of the indwelling spirit of God, and with that consciousness all bitter thoughts, all jealousy, all hatred, will be dissolved by the mighty power of love, which will govern, guide and direct our lives. Thus in this consciousness we may commune with God and hear the bell of the angels in the holy twilight.

Saturday, April 11

When the light of life goes out, there is a new radiance in eternity, and somehow the glow of it relieves the darkness that is left behind.

Warren C. Harding.

O Father, let us put our hands in Thine hopefully. Through the darkness, guide us, and enfold us in Thine arms of love. *Amen.*

Sunday, April 12

And then I caught a glimpse
Of that averted face.

. . . . . .

I knew the night had passed, and with the morn
Had come a joy, and that deep peace
That passeth knowledge, for I saw again
His Face: and lo, it bore the marks
Of all my struggles. He had borne them too,
And on his toil-worn Face there lingered still
The impress of that wondrous tender smile,
More beauteous than before, telling of conflict past
—Aye, and of victory won.

H. L. Hubbard.

How anxiously, our Heavenly Father, the three women in the early dawn walked toward the tomb where their loved one lay, for they expected to see the heavy stone, which was like a barrier between them and their Master, but instead they saw an angel who brought to them a wondrous message. Then they realized that their Master was still near them, still ready to help and bless them. May we at this Easter time feel that our own beloved ones whom we have lost awhile are still living and loving and giving, only with a broader outlook and an understanding of Thee, O God, and of life, that we have not yet attained. Help us to know that they can never be separated from Life, and that death is not real—that Life is all. We are thankful for the sacred message of Easter, and for the confidence we feel that, when our call comes, our loved ones will welcome us to "the house not made with hands." *Amen.*

Monday, April 13

Be still, my heart! We murmur, you and I,
We fret and fret—while precious hours fly by.

Be still! The silent are the truly blest:
There is no rapture for a heart distressed.

Be still, my heart! The deep, dark night is still,
The trees in prayer, the star above the hill.

Be still, and to this promise softly cling:
The silent hear the great archangels sing.

Roscoe Gilmore Scott.

It is only, O Father, in the stillness that we hear Thy voice. We feel Thy Presence in the silence of the night, and when we lift up our eyes unto the hills. Come, our Father, and dwell within our hearts, and may we feel so conscious of Thy indwelling Spirit that joy shall take the place of pain, faith shall take the place of fear, and if we are lonely we shall feel a sense of Thy divine companionship. *Amen.*

Tuesday, April 14

Let the current of your being set towards God, then your life will be filled and calmed by one master-passion which unites and stills the soul.

Alexander Maclaren.

O Giver of each perfect gift:
This day our daily bread supply:
While from the Spirit's tranquil depths
We drink unfailing draughts of joy.

Lyra Catholica.

Wednesday, April 15

Infinite peace of soul
Wonderful strength from above,
Happy, harmonious, whole—
This is my knowledge of Love.

Helen R. Waite.

Sun of my soul, grant to us such fulness of faith, and such a consciousness of Thy love and goodness, that Thy blessed Spirit, indwelling, may give us health of body, happiness of mind and holiness of life and being. *Amen.*

Phillips Standish Gilman.

Thursday, April 16

Blessings on the man who smiles. Not the man who smiles for effect, nor the one who smiles when the world smiles, but the man whose smile is born of an inner radiance, the man who smiles when the clouds lower, when fortune smiles, when the tides are adverse, the sunshine of whose heart breaks forth in smiles. Such a man not only creates his own fair world, but he multiplies himself an hundredfold in the courage and strength and joy of other men.

George L. Perin.

Heavenly Father, to-day may our mood be one of hope and good cheer, may we brush away from our faces every sign of care. We pray to-day for sweetness and light. Let us go forth with the spirit of a child who puts his hand into the hand of a Father to be led into a field where the blossoms and the birds sing. *Amen.*

George L. Perin.

Friday, April 17

Fare not abroad, O Soul, to win
Man's friendly smile or favoring nod;
Be still, be strong, and seek within
The Comradeship of God.

Beyond is not the journey's end,
The fool goes wayfaring apart,
And even as he goes, his Friend
Is knocking at his heart.

Myles E. Connolly.

Now, Father, now in Thy dear presence kneeling
Our spirits yearn to feel Thy kindling love,
Now make us strong, we need Thy deep revealing
Of trust, and strength, and calmness from above, *Amen.*

Samuel Johnson.

An Unusual and Touching Will

MR. HERBERT E. BELDEN of Hartford sends us a copy of the will of the Rev. Ernest deF. Miel, D. D., late rector of Trinity Church, Episcopal, Hartford, to whom we referred editorially week before last. Dr. Miel had served Trinity Church thirty-two years. The will was read at both services of this church March 22 and made "a deep impression." The *Hartford Courant* says: "This most unusual document created a profound impression among all who attended the services yesterday, and is a striking commentary on the very unusual mind of the man who became so widely known in Hartford and so deeply admired by a circle far larger than that confined to any one faith."

Dr. Miel's manuscript, as dictated, follows:

The legal formalities of a will transform it from a personal to an official document and deprive it of these human qualities which would in reality make it a last testament. Life is treated as a cold financial proposition, chiefly of interest because of its property values. In a larger sense it is an inadequate expression of one's mind and intentions toward one's friends. A last testament might well convey some acknowledgment besides a material one of those relationships and ties which have proved of so much worth during a lifetime, especially in the case of one who has nothing of a substantial nature to leave and whose accumulations are chiefly memories of a spiritual nature.

One in my circumstances passes away immensely in debt to the world, and particularly to those who have been closely associated with him. There is nothing he can leave them to compensate for the privileges which he has enjoyed at their hands—no other course but to testify to the universal kindness which has enriched and benefited his life and made him sensible of the happy fortune which has fallen to his lot.

I would like to suggest that there be placed at the disposal of the skilful and kind physicians who have treated me through these recent years and months with such marked generosity, such parts of my body as may be of service for pathological research. A long (and somewhat obscure) illness, with its special forms of treatment, would seem to justify this provision, provided the physicians believe it would be of pathological value.

My last testament must first of all testify with reverent gratitude to the everlasting mercy, that divine forbearance and loving kindness which marked all these years. One whose life has been set in fair places, whose home from childhood on has been pervaded by a joyous Christian spirit, never far from poverty and yet always with ample provisions for one's natural needs, abundantly happy in the advantages and privileges, intellectual and spiritual, presided over by those who knew the things of real value in life, this memory, in its associations with one's early years, is beyond measure precious and for which one's gratitude to God can never adequately be compassed. Mercies beyond these one must still take account of—the blessing of finding joy in one's work, the privilege of going on in it, notwithstanding one's moral lapses and false steps, one's failure to live up to the Christian's standard of life, with the Christian's joy of believing and proclaiming a gospel of salvation and holding up before men the eternal goodness of One who makes His sun to rise upon the evil and the good and sends the rain upon the just and the unjust—these are things which transcend our human conceptions and bring us in loving adoration to the feet of Him whose mercy is from everlasting to everlasting.

It is the disposition to overestimate ability and to place an exaggerated value on one's services that gives me a sense of the inappropriateness of any formal appreciation such as is customary with men who have occupied a position of more or less public prominence. The usual resolutions that are drawn up by associations when one of their members dies, as well as the individual expressions of regret put in the form of a tribute, while dictated by the kindest of sentiments, are so apt to magnify the importance of the individual and his virtues that they pass the bounds of ordinary praise and become eulogies. One is not in the mood of moderation when confronted by the loss of a friend, and appreciation of such worthy elements that may have manifested themselves in his character is bound to be exaggerated.

The sentiments we entertain in our hearts are our own peculiar possessions, and perhaps we do well to dwell upon them for our comfort, but the sentiments we give to the public pass into common currency and create an impression which goes so far beyond reality that one would rather be spared such kindly intended and generous treatment; better, and more appropriate, at such a solemn hour, a word of prayer than a word of praise, for then it is that we need to take account, not of any virtues but of any faults. Especially may I ask, in view of the common custom among us, that there be no formal tributes or resolutions drawn up by these associations with which I have been connected, and no thought of a memorial service. In fact, a memorial of any kind is for some reasons distasteful to me, and for reasons of my own distinctly out of place. The simple fact that good friends whose affection I have enjoyed will occasionally recall happy moments spent together is a sufficient memorial.

One who has enjoyed from the beginning countless mercies, whose life has been set in fair places, whose lot it has been to work and be conscious of a divine blessing upon his labors, notwithstanding his many failures to realize the Christian's standard and to live in accord with those principles which he proclaimed, who has had ample occasion to experience the forbearance of God, notwithstanding many and great provocations, and to realize something of the glory of the Divine Father who graciously makes his sun to rise upon the evil and the good and who sends his rain upon the just and the unjust to find in Jesus Christ the fulfilment of all one's hopes and the reward of every endeavor; one who has from the beginning been so blest must make his acknowledgment, feeble though it be, and testify to his experience as to the justification of life.

To dwell upon the sacredness of family ties and the satisfaction of home and family is to enter a circle somewhat too personal for record. These relationships are not such as we speak of in common, for they possess a peculiar intimacy of their own which can not be touched upon without a liability toward an excess of sentiment. Profound gratitude that they should have reached such a happy consummation, that the unity of purpose so essential to a joyous home life should have manifested itself in such large measure, that the spirit of mutual understanding should have been recognized within the family circle as the one essential to happy living.

But beyond the immediate family circle, one may take account of the rare and happy relations in which one's lot has been cast. There are three things which have come home to me as ample compensation for having lived, and the first is the affection of loyalty of friends, the second the love for little children, and the third the gratitude of the poor. If life has fallen short in other respects, these rare and precious gifts have proved an exceeding great reward. Beyond the keen joy to be found in one's work and the feeling that in the ministry one is privileged to walk on hallowed ground and deal with sacred things, there is nothing in the region of my experience which offers such a rich and ample joy and so much enduring happiness as the three that I have mentioned above. Friendships which have lasted through the years and grown mellow with the passage of time, which have been tested by many vicissitudes and many doubts, become rich to those with whom companionship has always carried a sense of mutual understanding and who counted circumstances as of small moment compared with the privilege of being together. Intimate association with those who possessed a sense of the spiritual value of life (not so rare as people are apt to think) and who are able to come into such personal relationship that life places itself upon a spiritual basis—this kind of relationship, which makes for a true communion of mind with mind, is in itself the richest endowment and privilege which life has to offer.

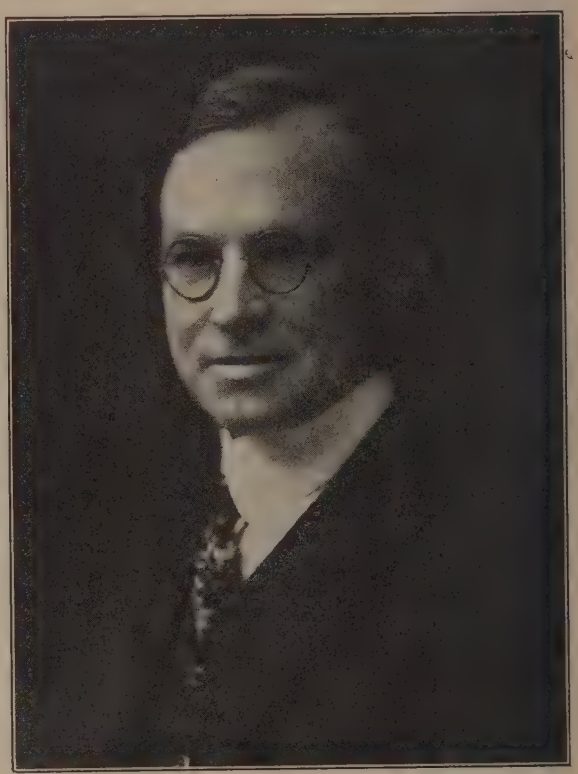
The spontaneous and eager spirit of little children, moved by which they respond naturally to what interests them, their affection given so freely, their glowing enthusiasms, the vividness of their imagination and its pictures, their freedom from the commonplace and its dreary tedium—these are the ones who are constantly refilling the wells of life with new and living water. Our youth is really owed to them; they keep us young, not merely with their new and original ideas, but with their fresh emotions, their response to life's little surprises and the picturesque outline of life that they have already mapped out.

The above was dictated during Dr. Miel's long illness and was not completed. It is a unique and affecting document. It illustrates both the man and the ministry.

* * *

TWO RESOURCEFUL LAYMEN

ARTHUR W. PINKHAM is the state chairman of the National Laymen's Committee in Massachusetts. He was graduated from Brown University, and lives in Lynn. He is the head of a large manufacturing concern, and is president of the National City Bank in Lynn. Mr. Pinkham is known for his deep constructive interest



ARTHUR W. PINKHAM

in the Universalist Church. He is a stimulating speaker, combining the practical with the spiritual.

Frank A. Dewick, whose picture appeared recently in the *Universalist Leader*, is chairman of the Committee on Publicity of the National Laymen's Committee. He was born in Boston in 1873 and educated in the Boston public schools. He married in 1901 Miss Cora A. Polk, daughter of the Rev. Robert T. Polk, D. D. Mrs. Dewick is a graduate of Tufts College and one of the trustees of that institution.

Mr. Dewick went into the insurance business and is a member of the firm of Dewick and Flanders. He is now president of the Bethany Union, a trustee of Dean Academy and of the Franklin Square House. He is ex-president of the Universalist Club, a Mason and a member of numerous clubs and is very prominent in affairs of the Grove Hall Universalist church.

Correspondence

FROM A PERSONAL LETTER WE ASKED TO PRINT

I am sending you the story of Edmund Ball in the *Muncie Star* of March 9. It stirs my blood and may yours. It may be coincidence that the largest works of service and of love were done by Edmund Ball after his really active connection with the Universalist Church began, not many years ago. But I do not believe that it is. My observation runs to the contrary. It convinces me that the making of good Universalists is the making of good public servants and of philanthropists. I think of the Universalist churches I have known. In the Church of the Messiah of Buffalo, men met to form one of the earliest of the associated charities. The fresh air mission started from there. The Woman's Exchange building and all that it stands for is a monument, it is often said, to good Mrs. Townsend. General Graves perhaps did as much as any one man to develop the parks of Buffalo. Bishop Bashford, then a pastor of a Methodist church, said: "There are much larger churches in Buffalo than the Messiah, but I do not know any that better serves the city." That was more than thirty years ago.

In my first parish it was the Universalists who got back of the project that started the first public library there.

In Mattapoisett the Universalists were few. But it was a Universalist who saw that the public library was properly housed and endowed at his expense.

In St. Paul of my day the mission had the hardest kind of a time to get in, but it rendered unselfish public service through its members rendering free service and a room to get a public library started in the Hill district. I was very much surprised to be elected president of the Cobb hospital, a surgery of ten trunk lines of railway. I protested that a young sprig like myself, pastor of a church of relatively poor folks, ought not to hold such a position, but the largest donor of that property said: "Why not? Universalism inspired it."

In Muncie four of the Universalist Ball Brothers, with a Presbyterian fifth, gave the fine Y. M. C. A., and Y. W. C. A. buildings and a long list of others for the public benefit, so that in a year and a half their gifts totaled $1,500,000 for public and undenominational service.

Here in Meriden, interest in undenominational gifts from Universalists aggregates not less than $10,000 a year. And so it goes.

Thus it would be hard to convince me that any investment pays better from the point of view of the public service than in making *good* Universalists.

Cordially,

H. B. Taylor.

* *

WHY IS LIFE SO HARD?

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

On the bulletin board of a church recently, I noticed as I passed this question to be answered by the pastor on Sunday morning: "If God is good, why is life so hard?" Being unable to attend the service and somewhat skeptical as to any benefit to be derived, I thought I would pass it along to you.

Pessimist.

There is but one answer from the religious standpoint: Because life is meant to be an education. The only way to get strong is to wrestle with difficulties. There are two phases of the problem—the race phase and the individual phase. They are correlated. God wants to make a perfect society and a perfect lot of individuals. Apparently He saw that the best way to do it was to establish a universe governed by a great number of unchanging laws, both physical and psychical, and put it up to man to discover them and to work in harmony with them. It is not an easy task, but here and there we begin to find emerging men and communities of a noble type.

But how about the individuals who are crushed, either physically or morally, in the working out of the scheme? If the wisdom of the plan must be tested by what happens to John Doe or Richard Roe in this world, we may well doubt it. Our faith in the plan is not weakened, however, when we realize that such cases are inseparable from a process of this kind. If a race is permitted to have war or poverty until it learns by itself to cure them, it must have the victims of war and poverty. Our faith in the plan is strengthened when we realize that the John Does and the Richard Roes who go to the wall are a challenge to the rest of us who have intelligence and good will to redouble our efforts. And we can say further of John Doe and Richard Roe that, although God does not want them crushed and used as Exhibits A and B, if they are crushed and so used, He, the Divine Author of the Plan, will know it as well as any one else, and will not be unprepared to handle all such cases as they arise. We are inclined to think that a glad surprise awaited some of the men who "went over the top" or who went down in the wars of industry when they got into the hands of God.

There is another phase to the subject: Life need not be "so hard." An enormous number of its burdens are imaginary. There are inexhaustible resources of Divine Strength to help us carry those which are not imaginary. A majority of the anxious, worried, unhappy faces we stare at in the subway or meet on the street could be changed into happy faces by the power of a true religious faith.

There is work for the Universalist Church to do both in giving people a sound philosophy and a skilful technique of living.

Editor.

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A MAN WHO HAS DUG INTO THE HISTORY

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

Referring to the editor's article on the Wayside Inn in your Feb. 28 issue (which was intensely interesting), I would write that if the date of its being built, 1686, is correct quite a number of established historical facts have got to be changed.

1. David How, the reputed builder, was born in 1674 (Sudbury Vital Statistics).

2. The official history of Sudbury states that the inn was being built in 1702.

3. A history of the Wayside Inn states that it was built in 1702.

4. Samuel How, David's father (born 1642, home in Marlboro), gave David the 130 acres of land in 1702. No mention was made of any building on it.

5. If there were buildings on it before 1702 it would not have been necessary for the workmen to go to the Parmenter Garrison (our property) nights for protection when they were building in 1702, as history and tradition state they did.

I have spent considerable time in looking these matters up. Have about decided that 1669 for the Parmenter Garrison erection may need revising a few years. It seems to come natural for owners to want to push back as far as possible the dates of settlement, etc., when age is desirable. Books referred to are in the Boston Public Library, also in the South Sudbury library.

F. L. Gile.

Allston, Mass.

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AGAINST UNION WITH UNITARIANS

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

I am greatly enccerned over the numerous communications to the *Leader* suggesting union with the Unitarians. My experiences have been such that I would welcome union with almost any other denomination.

It is unfortunate, but true, that we generalize from isolated facts or experiences, and I am well aware of this fault. But my experience is one well calculated to cause me to believe that the Unitarians have become at best an ethical culture debating society, and at worst the gathering place of apostates of all religions bent upon establishing socialism as a sole religious tenet.

One pastor I know is an earnest, upright, well meaning man, a good citizen and family man, but I believe he is, nevertheless, an active agent in the destruction of religious belief in his community.

My wife and I tried to sit under a Unitarian at one time, but when he solemnly said that what the individual believes to be right is right, that Jesus Christ did pretty well, but that we should see what we can do to improve upon him, and that all who do not believe as he does should be swept from the earth as encumberers thereof (we heard him say all this), we quietly took refuge in a Presbyterian church, where we are permitted to worship God in our own way.

Please believe that we are not fundamentalists—we are Universalists. The controversies over the Holy Ghost and the virgin birth and kindred dogmas do not interest or worry us. But we still believe in a God, and in the Bible as a revelation of His purpose; we still think that there is a moral law which is the law regardless of the opinion of the individual, and that there is still a place in the churches for such of us as still have faith in Divine Providence. A friend from a Western city recently told me that he and his wife were driven from the Unitarian church of the city to an Episcopal church because of the same attitude, and I am told that the situation is not different in New York.

Even in our own Church we have too much criticism and too little faith. One has to destroy (sometimes) an old building, in order to build a new one, but the man who will destroy an old building without plans for a new one deserves to be examined as to his sanity.

James F. McKinney.

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FROM RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

To me the World Service Fund marks a further advance in the new stage of our denominational development, the stage, namely, of unselfish ministry to human need regardless of advantage to ourselves. A wise and good man may help many causes or enterprises which he himself did not originate. So may a true Church do. This fund, whether large or small, will demonstrate our usefulness as well as our catholicity of spirit. Thus it will make us consistent with the great principles and ideals of our Christian teaching. Let this fund be created while we go on with our Five Year Program. So shall we do a most noble work.

Willard C. Selleck.

March 12, 1925

* * *

DR. W. R. ROWLAND

Dr. W. R. Rowland died in Blanchester, Ohio, on Friday, Feb. 27, after a short illness. His death was a great blow to the whole community, of which he had been for five years one of the best known and best loved ministers. He was fifty-one years of age, and leaves a widow, Mrs. Blanche Welch Rowland, and two children, Stanley and Ruth.

Dr. Rowland was a native of Vermont, where he spent his boyhood, and in early manhood graduated from the Medical College at Burlington, Vt. After his graduation he was an instructor in a medical school in Minnesota, and later was connected with the Johns Hopkins Hospital at Baltimore. For ten years he practised medicine in his home town, Corinth, Vt., but failing health compelled him to give up his profession, and his interest in the church of his childhood, the Universalist, led him into its ministry.

His first pastorate was in New Madison, O., where he remained five years, when he was called to the church at Blanchester in December, 1920.

In addition to his local work, he carried on missionary work. Almost every week found him preaching and working in neighborhoods in Ohio and other states where the cause he loved was languishing or needing assistance. He had been president of the Ferry Beach Association for several years.

With all the cares of his congregation in Blanchester and at Cuba, he found time to identify himself with the civic and philanthropic activities of the community. The Red Cross, disabled veterans of all wars, and their families, the American Legion, the O. N. G. and many public and private charities claimed his consideration.

By his fellowship and interest he had bound to himself a large circle of young men of the city, joining with them in their social and business affairs, and they showed their appreciation in many ways during his illness and after his death.

In the fraternal circles of the town he was most interested. He was a member of the Junior O. U. A. M., the Grange, and the I. O. O. F. fraternity; a member of Encampment and Daughters of Rebekah, and at the time of his death he was Noble Grand of the Subordinate Lodge. In all of these he was untiring in his efforts for their welfare.

The funeral services were held in the Universalist church Sunday afternoon, March 1, conducted by the Rev. John Edwin Price, of Cincinnati, with Stanley Stall, State Superintendent of Churches, and ministers of other denominations attending. The body was taken for burial to Corinth, Vermont.

* * *

THE PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Decorations

We journied, I and Keturah, far over the Sea, and there were days when the Ocean misbehaved, and Keturah said, The Pacifick hath need of a New Name. And there came a day when we beheld Islands lifting their heads above the waters. And there came out from the Shore Airplanes and dropped on our deck the newspapers of that morning and hailed us with a Salute the sound whereof was Aloha.

And we went down to Breakfast, that we might be ready to land. And before we were come to land there came a Boat and on it men who entered the place where we sat at meat, and they said, We would see Safed and Keturah. And they hanged Wreaths about our necks. And our friends who were of the Passengers applauded. And I and Keturah we walked the Deck and tried not to look as Proud as we felt.

Now it was not long until most of the others had Wreaths about their necks, also, for the folk in that Island have a Gracious way of greeting those that journey thither.

And all that day, wherever we went, they hanged other Wreaths about our necks. And they took not away those that were already there, so that we were not unclothed of wreaths but clothed upon, so that that which had withered was swallowed up of new life.

Now when we had come unto the close of that perfect day and we lay down weary and happy in an Hospitable and Generous Home, I spake unto Keturah saying, I wonder if it is this way when we approach Heaven, and whether there be Angelic Airplanes that shall float above us and drop upon our Deck the latest news of that Unending Morning, and if there be there a Band stationed upon the Dock to welcome us with Sweet Musick, and friends whom we have known otherwhere to cast Wreaths about us.

And Keturah said, When we were once in Rome, did we not see something upon one of the Tombs in the Catacombs that spake of Heaven as a place where they Decorated those who came thither?

And I said, Keturah, thou rememberest well. For the tomb whereof thou speakest was of a Roman matron whose name was Ulpia, and her husband spake not of her as having died, but as having been Wreathed with a Decoration.

And Keturah said, It was a beautiful thought.

And I said, I wonder if by any chance that old Roman had ever sailed beyond the Sunset and seen Hawaii.

And Keturah said, That could not have been, and it matter-eth not, for it is the same beautiful idea, and it is good that even now they Say It With Flowers.

And I said, Even as that old Roman wrote, *Ulpia decorata est*, so would I have it said of us, now and in the future:

Keturah et Safed decorati sunt.

Understanding Our World

The Trade Union Delegates' Report on Russia

Last November seven Trade Unionists, all eager to think well of the Russian Revolution, went to Russia to find out the truth. Not one of them knew a word of Russian, but they had with them three bourgeois who knew the language—and who, if they had been born in Russia, would to-day have been dead or starving for the crime of not being "workers." The little company was received with enthusiasm, was shown what it was desirable for them to see under the guidance of Soviet officials and was fed with Government statistics. They spent six weeks (always in the keeping of Soviet guides) in exploring this vast country, which is (apart from Siberia) thirty times as big as England and Wales. On the strength of this investigation, they have now produced a volume (written in the main by their three advisers), which is published by the Trade Union Congress.

The impression which the writers of this volume labor to convey is that things are, on the whole, going very well in Russia; that the Government is stable; that the Communism of 1917 has been replaced by a workable system of State Socialism; that the machinery of government "seems to work well," is generally accepted, and is doing "work in which other state systems have failed and are failing;" and that if there are some interferences with liberty as we know it in England, nobody really minds, because the rights which we so foolishly cherish "have been replaced by others of greater value." These statements are taken from the "final conclusions" of our sapient delegates.

Well, let us test them by their own statements, incomplete and prejudiced as these are found to be. Let us find what are the sacrifices which Russia has been forced to make under the Bolshevik *regime*, and what are the boons obtained in return.

The first sacrifice is that of every semblance of political and individual liberty. Our ingenuous reports acknowledge this, but think it of very little importance. They tell us that the present system in Russia is a "dictatorship of the proletariat, under the direction of the Communist Party"—which consists of, at most, 350,000 out of 120,000,000 people; the other 119,650,000 people have no share in controlling the Government; their business is to obey and to suffer in silence. Evidently "the proletariat" in Russia is a limited body—no larger than the aristocracy and the bureaucracy who controlled Czarist Russia.

They have to admit, however, that "there is complete control not only of the press, the platform, and the political machinery, but of the schools, universities, and army." Think what this means! No opposition newspaper is allowed to be published; and even the Communist newspapers have to submit a proof of every article to a Government official: how would the *Daily Herald* like this? Nobody may make a speech against the prevailing system: what would our delegates say if the "capitalist Government" of this country enforced such a rule? Every child in school must be taught the Communist doctrines, and trained to believe that the Governments of all other countries are monsters of iniquity. Nobody may be a student in a university unless he is prepared to pronounce the Communist shibboleths—what an outcry our delegates would make if their sons were debarred from universities by political tests!

In short, the Russian system is the most detestable tyranny, the most flagrant and intolerable denial of freedom of thought, freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and freedom of action that exists on the face of the earth. What have our delegates to say about this? You would expect anybody with English blood in his veins to denounce it. The delegates have an uneasy feeling about it, which they do their best to conquer. But, after all, they say, "a political system . . . can best be judged by its results!" That is not what Englishmen used to say about the denial of freedom. They used to believe that tyranny is never justified, whatever its results.

But let us judge the system by its results, even as our delegates set them forth. The revolution has destroyed the old rich classes, and reduced the educated classes to miserable penury. "The old professional classes," we are told, "now have very little house-room—one or two rooms per family—and social intercourse has therefore become impossible;" and that is by no means the worst of it. But have these changes brought prosperity to the mass of the people? Here is the testimony of the Trade Union delegates.

"The general average of wages is now *approaching* three-quarters of pre-war rates"—which, be it remembered, were far lower in Russia than in England. "Unemployment is serious," and the figures which they quote show that there were in April, 1924, more unemployed in Russia than in England, though the number of industrial workers in Russia is only a fraction of the number in England. "The system of social insurance has failed financially, and *only* 20 *per cent of the unemployed are in receipt of relief.*" And this though normal unemployment benefit is only one-third of the average wage, and its maximum period is six months.

Strikes still take place, though they are not very frequent. But they are not due to the vulgar reasons which cause them in England. They are due to the failure to pay wages at all when they are due—because "lack of working capital causes delays in the payment of wages."

The delegates do prove that there has been a real improvement since 1921. Why? Because the "New Economic Policy" then introduced allowed private enterprise to come to the rescue of derelict Socialism; and also because the idea of "substituting the motive of service for the motive of gain" has been dropped. "The private tradesman, the State, and the co-operative salesman," we are told, "are estimated to compare in efficiency as 118 : 92 : 89." And "the optimistic theory that a worker would for an equal living wage give his full energy, experience, and efficiency to the public good was not justified. . . . It has now given place to the plan of getting the best possible production by further rewards, such as piecework payment." English trade unionists, please note. "The whole power of Government propaganda is now turned on to stimulate the worker to increase his production," and schemes of scientific management are being systematically applied by the despotic rulers of Russia.

That is why things are better than they were in 1920. But even despotism, enforcing payment by results, and scientific management, have not succeeded in bringing prosperity. Russia has sacrificed liberty without even getting her mess of pottage in return.

Has she gained an improvement in the moral and religious life of her people? Even our delegates, eager to praise, show that the reverse is true. Has she gained a new vitality in literature and the arts? There is no literature except economics, and the arts are crude and violent.

What then are the "rights of greater value" which Russia has gained in return for her bath of blood and her sacrifice of liberty and prosperity? What is the wonderful work of the Soviets in which "other and older state systems have failed and are failing?"

We turn with avidity to discover what these rights are which are independent of, and better than, liberty, prosperity, morality, religion, and the arts. And I can find nothing, except that "the Russian workers enjoy the rights of a ruling class," so far as their Communist masters will let them. Since, being a Liberal, I don't believe in "a ruling class," this seems to me an inadequate exchange for liberty and prosperity and all the rest.

Yet our travelers wind up their report by assuring us that "the whole constitutes a new departure of the greatest interest that is well worth foreign study, and a new development that may be *greatly benefited by foreign assistance*"—no doubt in the form of a loan guaranteed by the British taxpayer.—*The Weekly Westminster* (*London Liberal.*)

Home and Children

TO THIS HOUSE . . .

To this house where I began,
Now I come again, a man;

Climb the stone steps, old and stately,
Pause before the door sedately;

Up the steps where once I ran,
Long before I was a man.

. . . . . .

Quiet house where grapevines grow,
This is the child who loved you so.

In this room I used to lie
And await the sunrise sky.

Wait the wet lawns touched with light,
Footprints of the passing night.

Half a score of robins nodded
Up and down the heavy sodded

Grass beneath the maple trees,
Flickering in the little breeze;

Half a score of larks were burning
Flames of sound at day's returning.

In this room I used to wait
For the moon to hesitate

Beautifully from sill to door,
And along the polished floor;

Shining sheet and shining bed,
Shining ceiling overhead,

Not in all four worlds there be
Such a shining mystery.

Silver ships with silver sails
Drifting home on silver gales.

House, O house where grape-vines grow,
This is the child who loved you so.

Memory is no kindly friend
When remembrance is the end.

Memory is a treacherous mate
When there is no duplicate

Of the word, or look, or scene
Where the mind has happy been.

Nothing of the warm dear touch,
Memory has no trace of such.

Here in every room unwanted
Memory finds me mute and haunted;

Here in every room the clear
Unheard voices find me near.

This, O house, is not to know
The little child who loved you so.

Struthers Burt, in Scribner's.

THE ROYAL TASTER OF PUDDINGS

AS Nicholas was strolling through the town one day he saw a large placard posted in the market place:

WANTED

A boy or a girl with a sweet tooth
To live at the palace and be the
Royal Taster of Puddings

"The very thing for me!" cried Nicholas, who was so fond of puddings that only with the greatest difficulty could he be persuaded to eat anything else—except candy or cake. "I will apply at once for the position."

He went straight to the palace, and, as there could be no doubt that he had a sweet tooth, he was hired on the spot. He found his new occupation even more delightful than he had expected it to be.

In order to be sure that the King's pudding should be ready by dinner time the cook prepared it early in the morning and always filled a small dish for Nicholas at the same time. The boy was expected to eat it, and, if he found it fit for the King, the pudding was served at the royal table. If he did not think it good enough, the pudding was thrown to the pigs, and the cook was obliged to prepare another.

With the prospect of a tempting dish of pudding early in the morning, Nicholas found it quite unnecessary to eat any breakfast, and cereals he had always disliked anyway; so that by the time the pudding was ready he had a fine appetite.

The first morning the pudding smelled so delicious and was so full of plums that Nicholas was tempted to eat it all at once, but he knew that, if he appeared to like it too well, he could not pronounce it unfit for the King. So he tasted it critically and lingered over every mouthful. When he had finished it he pushed away the dish with a wry face.

"Would you set such a pudding as that before the King?" he demanded scornfully. "He will not be able to eat a mouthful of it!"

That was quite true, for Nicholas carried it to the window and tossed it out to the pigs.

The cook was obliged to make another, and Nicholas must eat a dishful of that too.

Now it happened that the King was exacting in his taste for puddings, as Nicholas found out before he had been at the palace long. Many a time, when the boy pronounced a pudding excellent the King would order it back to the kitchen. Then His Majesty would have to go without a pudding, and Nicholas would have to eat it all as a punishment. At first, it was far from a punishment, but by the time Nicholas had spent some weeks at the palace, he began to grow a little bit tired of puddings. He wished that the King were more easily pleased, and he no longer forced the cook to make a second dessert for his own pleasure.

One day the ruler of a neighboring kingdom was expected for a visit and the King was to give a banquet. As the visiting King was to bring with him his sons and daughters and nieces and nephews, a dozen puddings, each of a different kind, were ordered, so that each guest might have one to his liking.

Nicholas begged the cook to give him only the smallest portion of each to try, but even then it was all that he could do to taste the last half dozen properly.

According to a time-honored custom, each dish to be served at the banquet was passed first to the King, that he might taste it and so assure his guests that it was indeed good to eat. All went well until the puddings were served. A dozen footmen carried them into the banquet hall and the King tasted each in turn, but when he tasted the last he flew into a blustering rage.

"Such puddings as these are not fit for the dogs!" he cried. "Carry them back to the kitchen, every one! The Royal Taster of Puddings shall eat them all!"

The guests dared not ask for so much as a crumb of one of them, and the whole dozen were set before poor Nicholas. In vain he pleaded that he could not eat them and declared that he would not and begged that he himself might be thrown to the pigs. The King would have no mercy. The boy must eat the puddings or leave the palace at once.

"Then leave it I will!" cried Nicholas, and he sprang for the door. Before any one could utter another word he was out of sight.

When he reached home, his mother was overjoyed to see him and would have made a pudding for him at once, but Nicholas stopped her.

"If you please, dear mother, I wish never to see another pudding. There is nothing I should like better to eat than a slice of bread and butter."—*Dorothy Arno Baldwin, in Youth's Companion.*

* * *

BOSTON STYLE

Traffic through the streets of Boston has ceased to be a serious business of men and has become a pastime. No one hurries: "Hurry gets you nowhere!" Horse-drawn vehicles of many descriptions, taxis, automobiles, trucks and street-cars, mingle in a vast, interminable and joyous confusion. No one gets angry, for anger gets you nowhere, either. All is good-natured Bostonian "acceptance of the universe."

Any one who wants to get anywhere in Boston the same day starts the day before and travels on foot.

Occasionally, business men have a run of luck. The taxis in which they are trying to reach a place of engagement, say for lunch Tuesday of next week, fall in with one another, and stand, side by side, in the streets. There they transact their mutual business, making much headway (in their minds) without the distractions of eating and drinking. Of course, they miss their lunches. But since they were going to next Tuesday's lunch, they often refresh themselves, in the meantime, on Saturday's or Monday's lunch. There is some talk of providing the faster taxis with automats. The slower ones will have to put up with foundry-made sandwiches and crullers.

If these chance meetings of taxis could be organized and standardized, this would solve many of the most pressing business problems of Boston. But such chance meetings can not often be assured, at least under present conditions. Now and then, a dam of traffic breaks through, and a flood of vehicles pours down one of the hilly streets swamping everything in its course and sweeping all cross streets clean. The sight is both thrilling and ominous: like the breaking of a river dam in the northern forests. And like those northern floods, quite incalculable. There seems little likelihood that schedules can be arranged by means of which business engagements can be kept *en route*.

The first traffic control tower in Boston has just been installed at the corner of Tremont and Boylston Streets—a corner at which the average automobile can find more ways of going all at once, than any other corner in the world. No movie scene depicting the antics of a bewildered policeman has ever equaled the performances that have been observed at this famous corner. There is but one town in America where the traffic is more diverting, and that town is Burlington, N. C.

Now, however, all this is to be changed—for the worse: traffic officials have taken that corner in hand. A control tower has been installed. I spent two hours of a recent Sabbath trying to master the signals—and came away a sadder and more ignorant man. The lights in this tower range from the ultra-violet, through purple, blue and green, to red and amber and to infra-red and white, in several shadings of meaning, according to the legends printed on the various lenses. These lights have suggested to the officials a most elaborate system of "stop and go" signals which, it seems to me, none but a native Bostonian can ever hope to understand. One of my fellow watchers said: "I think they are over-estimating the intelligence of the Boston people." Far be it from me, either to confirm or deny that suggestion. I can not say. But I do know that the system "flatters" the intelligence of strangers—and seems not unlikely to be the proximate occasion for many casualties.

Consider the facts: At one of the signals—a complex-compound arrangement of three or four lights—the autos on the one street go forward, on all other streets they back up, pedestrians change partners and all promenade. At another signal, all the pedestrians take three paces forward and two to the left, all the autos sound their horns and give three bounds forward and stop suddenly, and all horses sit down on their haunches, and raise their right front feet in military salute. After these preliminaries, traffic returns to its starting place and proceeds as before. Further than this, this witness averreth not. After several hours spent in trying to figure the thing out, I gave it up and went to my muttons—over in Cambridge.

But I advise all strangers who contemplate visiting Boston to write at once to the Bureau of Public Safety for a copy of rules and regulations governing the movements of traffic at Tremont and Boylston Streets. At all other crossings in the city, each individual takes his chances with everybody else; he solves the cross-street puzzle with such words and thoughts as he has in his vocabulary. But at Tremont and Boylston, the authorities have taken unfair advantage of all passing citizens. No one will ever be able to know what to do there, and since every one will read the signals as his own private warrant to "hop to it," the casualties are likely to be greatly increased.

At any rate, all Boston visitors are advised to carry along a suit of black clothes.—*J. K. H., in the Survey.*

* * *

A LIKELY STORY

While three Irishmen were rowing on a river, writes a contributor, their boat upset. Only one of them could swim, and he promptly made for the nearest bank, leaving his companions clinging to the bottom of the capsized craft. Soon, however, the swimmer returned and one by one rescued his imperiled friends.

When they were all safe on the bank one of the men inquired of the rescuer, "Mullaney, why didn't ye take wan of us the first trip ye made to shore 'stead o' goin' empty-handed?"

"Sure, an' didn't I have to save me own life first?" demanded the acute Mullaney.—*Youth's Companion.*

* * *

AN INGENIOUS "ALIBI"

The people who are most indolent physically are often quick enough mentally. Such was the case with the British workman of whom the *Tatler* tells. He was usually late in coming to work, and one day the foreman took him to task.

"It's a funny thing, Jim," he said, "you allus coming in a quarter of an hour behind the time and living next door to the works; while Teddy is allus on time, and lives three miles away!"

"There's nowt funny about it," retorted Jim. "If he's a bit late in a morning, he can hurry a bit; but if I'm late, I'm here."

Book Reviews

Conducted by Granville Hicks

Any book reviewed in the *Leader* may be obtained by ordering from the Universalist Publishing House.

History of the Christian Church to 461
By F. J. Foakes-Jackson. George H. Doran Company. $3.00.

Beginning with the earliest times, Professor Foakes-Jackson has traced the growth of the Church down to the Council of Chalcedon and for a decade thereafter. The opening chapters are for the most part by way of introduction, an attempt to suggest the background of Christianity. The treatment of the life of Christ and of the apostolic age is necessarily hasty, but when the book turns to the second century it becomes much more detailed.

The method of the author is to trace movements and tendencies instead of giving a purely chronological treatment. Some repetition inevitably accompanies such an approach, but the reader gains because he is enabled to perceive more clearly the scope and significance of events. Professor Jackson presents, for example, a chapter on the relations of Christianity and the empire during the entire second century, and in the next chapter he covers the same period while showing how Christianity vanquished the heathen religions. Having completed his picture of the external relations of Christianity throughout the century, he returns to the opening decades in order to trace doctrinal developments.

In those chapters which describe theological controversies Professor Jackson displays considerable skill, setting forth the views of the various controversialists with exactitude and clarity. His ability to give the setting of a dispute both interests and enlightens the reader. His chapter on Gnosticism not only informs one as to the origins of the Gnostic system but also shows one how it came into contact with Christianity. He shows the dangers of this form of belief, lists the church fathers who sought to combat it, and suggests that Christian theology profited by being forced to match wits with such an opponent. His exposition of the principles of Gnosticism is remarkably clear.

Whether he is expounding the principles at stake in the early Christological controversies or is stating the philosophical systems of the empire, Professor Jackson always achieves clarity, sometimes, but infrequently, at the expense of complete accuracy. Even when he is indicating the shades of distinction between the Dynamic and the Modalistic Monarchians or the degrees of relationship between Marcionism and Gnosticism, he never loses sight of the need for being intelligible. Never is he lost in a maze of facts. Never is his sense of perspective absent.

As a clergyman of the Church of England Foakes-Jackson sometimes leans to the conservative point of view, not only in matters of theology but also in matters of church organization. We are not surprised to find him claiming apostolic authority for institutions which another scholar would attribute to a later age, nor is it strange that he fails to be content with the statement of heresies, and goes on to point out their errors. This slight bias, however, does not materially impair the essential fairness of his work, although it does make apparent the gulf between Professor Foakes-Jackson and Professor Lake, with whom he has been associated in writing "The Beginnings of Christianity." One now knows to whom to attribute the more audacious suggestions of those volumes.

The excellence of this particular book, however, lies in a field where audacity is not an essential quality for the student. Knowledge and lucidity are the necessary virtues, and they are nowhere more apparent than in the discussion of the Arian controversy. Professor Jackson's tendency to become slightly excited over the subject amuses the reader, and perhaps the modern liberal will have little sympathy with his attitude. The liberal will, nevertheless, profit by reading these passages, for he will learn how ridiculous it is for the Universalists and Unitarians of to-day to consider Arius their forerunner. As this book makes clear, Arius, far from holding that Jesus was a man and nothing more, believed that he was a second God, and his break with Catholic Christianity came because he insisted that Christ was created. Professor Jackson's analysis of the creed of Nicea, which brought the Arian controversy to an end, is one of the best pieces of that kind of work we have seen.

In dealing with the controversies of the fourth century, the book is both clear and fair. Even better than the statements of intellectual systems are the word-portraits of the participants in this dispute. Athanasius, Cyril, Nestorius, and Leo are described in impressively vivid terms. Professor Jackson's ability to recreate these leaders of theological thought, orthodox and heterodox alike, represents what is undoubtedly the chief contribution of his book to the study of church history. His picture of Emperor Julian and the attempted revival of paganism is no less striking than his sketch of the background of Ambrose, or his more detailed delineation of the character of Augustine.

Although we have been able to discuss only such features of the book as seemed strikingly worthy of comment, it should be noted that the volume is a reasonably complete treatment of the period. Such subjects as the growth of Christianity outside the empire, the schism of the Donatists, and the fate of Rome receive adequate consideration. On the whole the book is to be highly commended, not only because it is excellently written but also because it is remarkably accurate in view of its brevity. It was first published more than thirty years ago, but this is the first American edition and, even though it is but slightly changed from the English edition of ten years ago, it should have a gratifying sale.

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Conservative Liberals

The Faith of a Liberal. By Nicholas Murray Butler. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

The Conflict between Liberty and Equality. By Arthur Twining Hadley. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

As a partisan, and all of us have to be partisans if we are to accomplish anything, one may consistently attack a group of people, and yet he may realize the value of that group when the national life is regarded from the point of vantage of the unbiased historian. In the political thinking of America to-day a number of intelligent and informed men are taking a stand for what they consider to be the ideal of liberty. In so doing they are constantly challenging the radical and forcing him to examine with care his proposals. At the same time they offer a much needed check upon the reactionary, particularly upon the selfish reactionary who is interested solely in advancing his own ends. By constantly questioning the wisdom of such legislation as infringes upon individual freedom, they expose the fallacies in the panaceas of hobby-riding enthusiasts. Because their objections are usually well taken, they render an important service even when they temporarily obstruct progress toward ideals. Of this group are President Emeritus Hadley of Yale and President Butler of Columbia.

Butler's book is an illustration of the fact that anybody can be a liberal if he is allowed to make his own definition. Although it is a collection of speeches made at widely varying intervals of time, a certain unity of thought permeates it, and his philosophy is revealed, a philosophy justly to be compared to that more consistently set forth by President Hadley. His central proposition finds statement in the introduction: "Historically and etymologically, the true Liberal is a believer in liberty, whether that liberty be intellectual, civil, political, economic, or religious." With this generality no one would quarrel; just what he means by it appears in the chapters of the book.

The subjects discussed are the theory of government, law and lawlessness, internationalism, socialism, states' rights,

the national budget, business and government, education, and prohibition. In addition there is a pleasant essay on student life in Germany. As has been suggested, Mr. Butler believes that the government should interfere as little as possible with the individual's conduct of his affairs. Hence he opposes the prohibition amendment, though he has been a strong worker for temperance, and the child labor amendment, though he has long labored to save children from the ravages of industry. He proposes a new party division, urging that there be a liberal and a radical party, an alignment which would result in strange bed-fellows in the liberal ranks. His opposition to radicalism, particularly socialism, is characteristically based on his interest in preserving as much as possible of the freedom of the individual.

President Butler's speeches on prohibition have not infrequently been the subject of attack. It should be understood that his basis of opposition rests entirely upon his theory of government. "I look upon the Volstead Act," he writes, "precisely as they (his ancestors) looked upon the Fugitive Slave Law. Like Abraham Lincoln, I shall obey these laws so long as they remain upon the statute book; but, like Abraham Lincoln, I shall not rest until they are repealed." His remarks upon law and its enforcement are eminently sane.

Without discussing President Butler's views at length, for they can not well be criticised unless one is willing to undertake a dissertation upon the principles of political and economic justice, we may pass to President Hadley's treatise. Perhaps because it consists of lectures instead of speeches, perhaps because its author is the more fair-minded of the two men, the book impresses the reader as more straightforward, more soundly reasoned, and more sincere. It opens with a comparison of the classical idea and the modern idea of liberty. Defining liberty as the right of the individual to determine his own course of action, it demonstrates that liberty and equality are incompatible. It contrasts Greek standardization with the flexibility of modern civilization, and argues that the advantage is on our side.

In the second lecture President Hadley discourses upon one aspect of liberty, the right of private property. He defends the institution on both economic and ethical grounds, maintaining that it provides for a maximum of productivity and at the same time gives the individual opportunity for moral growth. Although he admits the dangers of private property, he suggests that these dangers have been curtailed by the flexibility of our social system and the existence of competition. In the last lecture he grants that capitalism has resulted in great economic inequality, but he contends that capitalism can mitigate this inequality without the sacrifice of liberty. In any case, he seems to say, let us have liberty, whether we have inequality or not.

It may fairly be asked whether we, who enjoy unusual opportunities, have any right to demand liberty, when for countless people liberty means only liberty to be slaves. It is a fair question and Hadley does not adequately deal with it. On the other hand, one must have only commendation for Hadley's careful presentation of his case. Butler's book, one fears, may encourage prejudice, especially among those business men to whom several of the more extreme speeches were made. Hadley's book, one may be sure, will stimulate fair and unbiased thinking upon a fundamental problem.

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Is God a Personality?

By Charles W. Squires. Privately printed. On sale at Pilgrim Press.

The reading of many books is no guarantee of wisdom, and the fact that Dr. Squires quotes two or three authorities on almost every page does not enhance the value of his book. He has endeavored to show the fallacies in materialism, in absolute idealism, and in pragmatism. Out of the rather chaotic exposition of other men's ideas he attempts to draw conclusions of his own, but the result is strikingly lacking in originality. The old arguments appear, presented without fresh insight. For the most part he accepts idealism, but he attacks the exponents of idealism who doubt the personality of God. Absolute idealism, he maintains, is narrow, unreligious, and "unsatisfying." The book has few merits and many faults.

* *

Science and Life

By Robert A. Millikan. The Pilgrim Press. $1.00.

In four essays Professor Millikan, who in 1923 won the Nobel prize in recognition of his achievements in physics, suggests a scientist's philosophy of life. The first two essays deal with pure science, particularly its practical value. The third and fourth essays occupy themselves with a wider field, the relation of science to religion. Humility, courageous faith, and devotion to truth are the virtues which the author praises throughout.

It seems a little strange that a scientist should seek to justify pure science by showing its utility, but perhaps this is the only approach which the layman will appreciate. In any case Professor Millikan has an impressive record to set forth. Most of the benefits which science has contributed to civilization have come from discoveries made in the quest for truth. Nothing better illustrates this fact than the story of radium, which the author tells in his second essay, a fascinating account of a quest which has had most important consequences for the human race. Mr. Millikan displays a surprising ability to present in simple form some of the more involved problems of physics.

The esasy on science and religion and that entitled "Science and Society" reveal the author's sincere religious feeling. Not only does he assert that science can never destroy religious values, but he also gives religious values supremacy. His faith is simple, direct, and impressive, adding depth and poignancy to his earnest devotion to truth. Obviously his remarks will not convince the fanatics who oppose science, but they will reassure all who render allegiance to both science and religion.

* *

The Biological Unity of the Church

By L. B. Ridgely. Edwin S. Gorham. $1.00.

Written with a labored simplicity of language, its tone suggestive of the tone assumed by a father in talking to recalcitrant and slightly stupid children, Dr. Ridgely's book makes but slight contribution to the study of the very important subject with which it deals. In the very beginning he suggests a basis for unity which excludes many people who call themselves Christians. In his analysis he superficially describes some of the various attitudes commonly assumed toward the Church, and he then tries to show how different elements may be brought together through belief in the deity of Christ and obedience to his teachings. He takes Ramsay Muir's seven points on which a nation is to be judged, and by means of these criteria he tries to prove the unity of the Church. In conclusion he suggests that, in 1925, the sixteen hundredth anniversary of the Council of Nicea, all Christians join in prayer for Church unity. The spirit of the book is commendable, but as a scientific study of an existing situation it is not successful.

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The Problem of Immortality

By R. A. Tsanoff. The Macmillan Company. $3.00.

Dr. Tsanoff presents an interpretation of immortality in terms of value and personality. He examines different philosophical doctrines and their theories of immortality. Materialism is set aside, for "there is more in heaven and earth than is dreamt of in the mechanistic philosophy; for there is man, the real, complete man, a personality embodying, recognizing, conserving, creating values." This view of man is the basis of the judgments passed on the different theories examined. The belief in the plurality of personal lives does not give a concrete unity of self-consciousness; the doctrine of eternal recurrence makes the assump-

(*Continued on page* 30

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 411 Glen Echo Circle, Columbus, Ohio

SWEET MEMORIES OF BLACKMER HOME

The following is an extract from a letter as written by a boarding girl who left Blackmer Home last April and is now teaching English in a high school in Hikone. She writes:

"I have kept and keep and will keep the sweet memories about the Home. The Home, it seems to me, is the second home to me, that can not be easily forgotten. I can not imagine how the Home changed since I left it. And so to my mind, I keep only the Home in the old attire. But I know every corner and nook in the Home. It's a pleasure and joy to picture them to myself. They will remain in my mind through my life, though I can not know those who will live in the Home in the future.

"At the New Year's Eve of a year ago you may remember, we played hide and seek through the house. I hid myself in the little closet in the big dining room. At the same day one year after, the fun of that night came to my memory. I with I could go there and play as a little girl once more."

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NUGGETS FROM THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION

An example of righteous living more than the teaching of creeds is effective missionary work. (*President Coolidge.*)

The biggest job in the world is to make the world what it ought to be. (*Rt. Rev. Michael B. Furse, D. D., Bishop of St. Albans, England.*)

The finished product of the different faiths might be stated to be as follows: Greece said, "Be moderate—know thyself." Rome said, "Be strong—order thyself." Confucianism says, "Be superior—correct thyself." Buddhism says, "Be disillusioned—annihilate thyself." Hinduism says, "Be separated—merge thyself." Mohammedanism says, "Be submissive—bend thyself." Judaism says, "Be holy—conform thyself." Modern materialism says, "Be industrious—enjoy thyself." Modern dilettantism says, "Be broad—cultivate thyself." Christianity says, "Be Christlike—give thyself." (*Dr. E. Stanley Jones.*)

Never in the whole history of the Church has such an opportunity been presented as lies before it to-day for the training under Christian auspices of the coming leadership of the new world that is being born. (*Dr. James McClure Henry, President of Canton Christian College.*)

It is manifest on a moment's reflection that we can treat only the merest fraction of the sick of the non-Christian world. The entire output of all of the schools of medicine and nursing in the United States and Canada, if it could be made available, would not meet China's need alone. All that the few who can respond to this need can do is to furnish an example, and by training a few leaders of a future medical profession, to lay the foundation on which an indigenous modern medical system may be developed. (*T. Dwight Sloan, M. D., Medical Superintendent Peking Union Hospital.*)

The world is looking to America for leadership, for the uplift of humanity and for bringing about a Christian social order. In proportion as America meets this situation the gospel of Christ will progress in the Orient. (*J. J. Cornelius of India.*)

Practising Christianity at home is even more essential than preaching it abroad. Sending missionaries to other lands is a crazy proposition unless we admit that the teachings of Christ which they carry have never been literally lived by any nation. (*Robert A. Doan, manufacturer, of Columbus, O.*)

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

IN THE MIDDLE WEST

Hutchinson, Kansas, is the nearest neighbor to our Denver church, yet the distance between is measured in hundreds of miles and fifteen hours on a fast transcontinental train. Easterners little realize that Washington and Boston are nearer neighbors than the Western "frontier" churches.

At Hutchinson, Rev. James Houghton, Southwestern Superintendent, has done good work in holding the people together while the church is without a minister. The Sunday school has recently invested in new equipment for the classes and modern text-books for the curriculum, both of which mean increasing progress. Judge Seward Baker, former pastor of the Hutchinson church, has an adult class of which any school might be proud. People are attending who have never before been enlisted in Sunday school work, and the general verdict is, "The class is so interesting and helpful that we don't want to miss a single session."

Junction City, Kansas, center of these United States by reason of geographical location, prominent also because of the nearness of Fort Riley, is also prominent and progressive in the matter of religious education. It was among the first places in Kansas to adopt the plan of the week-day School of Religious Education, and for two years the churches have conducted such schools.

A workers' conference, a Y. P. C. U. gathering and a day spent in visiting Presbyterian and Universalist week-day schools were included in the Junction City program of activities. Should I not mention also a visit with Captain Ben Pierce, ninety-year-old pioneer Universalist and founder of the church there? Under the leadership of Rev. A. W. Altenbern the church and all the various organizations are doing good work.

Waterloo, Iowa, should be of especial interest to us because at present it is included in the Church Extension work of our General Convention. Under the superintendency of Miss Dorothy Weatherwax, the Sunday school here was kept together while the church was without a pastor. Both attendance and enrolment have been increasing. The new minister, Rev. W. O. Bodell, has been at Waterloo less than two months. The outlook for growth in the Sunday school and church is promising. A Y. P. C. U. has recently been organized and few churches can boast of a finer group of young people.

Illinois, Denver, Hutchinson, Junction City, Waterloo—and then a ticket for Boston! After ten weeks of field work the office desk will be tempting. Yet how crowded it will seem in Boston-town after the vastness of the western plains and the glory of the mountains. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills." To have worked near them will be an inspiration in the busy days to come, when looking across the city's skyline there will come instead a vision of Mt. Evans and the beauty of the distant snowy range.

M. F. S.

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GENEROSITY TOWARD INSTITUTE MEMBERS

It is officially announced that the special concession in price to institute attendants at Murray Grove will be continued. This means that the charge for a week's board and lodging (if two persons room together) will be but $10. Where else could as much be secured for so little? Students should make early reservations for the week beginning Aug. 30, applying to Mr. Walter Gabell, Broad St. and Erie Ave., Philadelphia.

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FIFTY YEARS IN TRAINING

Mrs. W. C. Caldwell, of Muncie, Ind., was recently presented with a wrist watch, in token of appreciation of her faithfulness through fifty years of membership in the Sunday school of St. John's Universalist Church in Muncie, Indiana. In the half century the world has been made new. It is a better world because of the influence of this devoted Christian woman.

Among Our Churches

New Hampshire Letter

Kingston. —Young People's Day was observed here with the morning service wholly in the hands of the young people. The responsive reading was led by Abbie Webster, Barbara Cilley read the Scriptures and offered prayer and Arthur Webster gave the sermon. There was a solo by Ruth Hoyt and a duet by Ruth Hoyt and Irene Simes. Walter P. Merrick assisted with the cornet. All was done in an orderly and dignified way and won the appreciation of the good sized congregation. We suspect the newly organized Y. P. C. U. is also responsible for the new social gathering room which is being made in the basement of the church building. Under the leadership of Miss Marguerite Pearman, the pastor, the young people are doing a splendid work at Kingston. * * **Dover.**—It is with a good deal of pleasure that we report the settlement of Rev. H. E. Latham of Massachusetts as pastor of the Universalist and Unitarian parishes at Dover. It has been several years since either of these parishes has had a resident minister and both are looking forward to the experience with interest and enthusiasm. Services will be held in each church building on alternate Sundays, and all organizations in both parishes will keep up their separate existence. We are not well acquainted with the Unitarian constituency, but if that splendid layman George H. Williams, with whom we have dealt in the settlement of a pastor, is a fair sample, they have a living church. Our own organization, small in numbers, is one of the most loyal and earnest that we have met. And the courage with which the Sunday school and the Dorcas Society have kept up their work through the long pastorless period is simply marvelous. The latest achievement of the latter organization is so charmingly reported in a letter received from one of our people, that we are giving it in full: " 'The Dorcas Society has done everything else,' as Nancy says, and now we have given a play. In 'The Old Peabody Pew,' Kate Douglas Wiggin tells the love story of Nancy Wentworth and Justin Peabody, and at the same time pictures the struggles of the earnest, faithful women in many churches, in their efforts to cultivate the spiritual life in the community, and keep the House of God a fitting place of worship. The characters seemed to be exceedingly well chosen, for all entered into the spirit of the play. Mrs. Hayden, as the leader of the Dorcas Society, presided with grace and dignity. Mrs. Chase, as the minister's wife, was sweet and helpful. Mrs. Felker as Maria Sharp, Mrs. Clough as Lobelia Brewster, and Miss Eaton as the Deacon's wife, kept the audience interested and laughing. Mrs. Call, as Mrs. Sargent, knew all the history of the village and added her quaint sayings to the enjoyment of the play; while Esther Bell as Widow Buzzell brought down the house with her doughnuts and her frank confession of being ready to 'take a second risk.' Marion Blaisdell, as Nancy, who had waited ten years for Justin, was very dainty and pretty, and gave a charming scene with Mr. Felker, who acted the part of the returning lover with fine appreciation. No small part of the success of the play was dependent upon the fine interpretation of the reader, Mrs. King, who told the story of the Tory Hill Meeting-house and people. Besides having enjoyable rehearsals and the pleasure of giving the charming play, the Dorcas Society is richer by $75. One of the happiest members is Mrs. Rounds, who suggested the play and helped and encouraged the participants." * * **Berlin.**—Rev. W. S. Abbott reports that the every family canvass has apparently gone across successfully and that there will be more pledged than any year in the history of the Berlin church. Mrs. Abbott is planning a full series of Lenten services, closing with the usual elaborate Easter services. On April 19 the men of the parish will be given the opportunity to conduct the services and on the 26th the women will be given that privilege. Mrs. Abbott reports continued interest by the young people, and also in the evening meetings of the church. * * **Summer Peaching.**—The Superintendent is planning for the usual summer work in our New Hampshire parishes and will be glad to hear from any parishes wishing for summer work. We expect the work will continue this year at West Chesterfield under the same leadership as before, that the Superintendent will take charge of Westmoreland and that the other regular parishes will have their usual work. We are anxious to have some preaching in the Swanseas this summer and also that there shall be a larger amount at Atkinson than heretofore. * * **Alstead.**—This parish, which has been vacant since the resignation of Rev. John Kimball last October, has called Rev. J. Emery Coulter of Concord, Vt., to the pastorate, and he will begin his work on April 1. Mr. Coulter came to us from the ranks of our laymen and has held pastorates at Huntingville, P. Q., and at Concord, Vt. Although handicapped somewhat by illness in both parishes, he has done good work in each and is entitled to promotion. Now thoroughly restored to health, we believe that he will bring to Alstead an earnestness and consecration which can not fail to have good results. Mr. Coulter has able assistance from Mrs. Coulter, who is an accomplished Sunday school worker and musician. * * **Nashua.**—Rev. W. H. Morrison, D. D., will conclude a pastorate of fourteen years at Nashua on Easter. In that time he has won a most enviable position not only in the church but in the life of the city. In the midst of his many duties he has found time to act as a member of the Executive Board of the State Convention and has answered innumerable calls for preaching and other services in places outside of Nashua. The feelings of his people are being manifested not only in the reception which will be tendered the latter part of this month, but in the special preparations which are being made to make Easter, Dr. Morrison's closing Sunday, a day of spiritual significance in the life of the Nashua church. It is significant of the long pastorate and the place that the pastor holds in the lives of his people, that Dr. Morrison has been engaged to return to Nashua on Children's Day for the dedication of many of the young lives of the parish to the service of Truth. After his retirement from the Nashua pastorate, Dr. and Mrs. Morrison will make their home in Brockton, Mass. * * **Automobile Fund.**—There are some people and many organizations which assume responsibility readily enough without the intention of meeting it. We are glad to absolve the churches of New Hampshire from that fault. At the Marlboro Convention the parishes of New Hampshire voted to assume responsibility for the Superintendent's automobile, and the machine was purchased. Calls for the amounts due from the various parishes have been made and in the great majority of cases have been met. Only two parishes in the state have failed to acknowledge the call and only four have failed to pay in full. The obligation is now reduced to less than $100 and it is hoped that sufficient funds will be available from the parishes not yet heard from and from donations of isolated people to cancel the entire amount before the meeting of the State Convention.

George F. Fortier.

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THE RATES AT MURRAY GROVE

No profits are made or desired at Murray Grove. If there is a balance on the right side of the books, the amount goes to pay for better service and increased privileges.

Charges are remarkably low. During the coming season the price for rooms and board will be: one in a room, $16 per week and up; two in a room, $12 per week and up. This does not apply to registered attendants at institutes, as the former concession to them will be continued, $10 per week with two in a room.

Church News and Interests

PERSONAL

Mrs. John Clarence Lee, of 88 Prospect Street, Gloucester, Mass., has returned from her visit to the ruler of the Druses in Syria and is lecturing for churches and women's clubs upon "Visiting an Eastern King." Mrs. Lee is meeting with great success with this new lecture.

Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, D. D., pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York City, has declined a call of the Universalist General Convention to be preacher at large for the denomination, inasmuch as the call involved his resignation from the pastorate of the church he is serving.

Rev. George Wood of Kinston, N. C., preached one of the Lenten mid-week sermons at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, and is invited to alternate with the rector, Dean Hartley, at the three hour devotions on Good Friday in his parish church.

Dr. Lewis B. Fisher of the Church of the Redeemer, Dr. L. Ward Brigham of St. Paul's Church, and Dr. G. W. Allison of the North Shore Church, all of Chicago, were entertained at lunch at the Union League Club on March 26 by William D. Kerr, a member of Unity Church and Western chairman of the National Laymen's Committee, to meet Rev. Daniel T. Denman, D. D., who has just been called to and accepted the pastorate of Unity Church, Oak Park, to succeed Rev. James W. Vallentyne. Others in attendance were Mr. William P. Forbush, chairman of the board of trustees of Unity Church, Mr. George W. Hayden, a prominent member of the Community Religious Center of Oak Park, of which Dr. Denman is the leader, and Mr. Stanley D. Tilney, president of the Illinois Universalist Convention. A cordial welcome to the Universalist Church was extended to Dr. Denman and the members of Community Religious Center.

OUR HEADQUARTERS STAFF

The ladies of the Headquarters staff were entertained on March 19 at the home of Rev. and Mrs. U. S. Milburn of Everett. The affair was in the nature of a St. Patrick's party and Mr. and Mrs. Milburn were appropriately dressed for the occasion.

Illinois

Elgin.—Rev. Orin Crooker, pastor. During Lent the pastor has been giving a series of sermons on topics especially suited to the season. Every week in March there has been a social gathering in Unity Hall, sponsored in turn by the Evening Auxiliary, the King's Daughters, the Ladies' Society and the men of the parish. Sunday night movies in March included Jackie Coogan in "My Boy," and Strongheart in "Brawn of the North."

Morrison.—Mrs. E. O. Nash, a pioneer Universalist, died here at the age of ninety-three years, and Rev. O. G. Colegrove, her pastor of other years, was called to officiate at the funeral March 6. In the evening Universalist services were held at the home of Mrs. Mary McMullan. The Universalist ladies hold regular meetings and subscribed for the *Leader* to be read at the meetings. Services will be held again next July, when Mr. Colegrove is here at vacation time.

Iowa

Mitchellville.—Men's Day was successfully observed with twelve men on the platform and in the choir. J. E. Reid gave the morning address and Chaplain Miller of Fort Des Moines the evening. Women's Day will be observed the first Sunday in May. The State Convention meets here June 17 and 18 with a good program. We have had one addition to our church.

Griswold.—The Rev. F. Osten-Sacken preached here March 15 and 22 in the union church and the State Superintendent March 8.

Webster City.—Rev. Effie McCullom Jones, D. D., has supplied for us during March.

Boone.—We have lost by death Rev. L. O. Black. Rev. Laura B. Galer supplied here March 8 and lectured March 9. Rev. Mr. Adlard's services have awakened much interest and attracted new people.

Osage.—Rev. F. Osten-Sacken has resigned, and will leave May 1. Rev. Jennie B. Hitchcock is clerk and will arrange the supplies of the pulpit.

Maryland

Baltimore.—Rev. Hal T. Kearns, pastor. On Sunday mornings during Lent the pastor is giving a series of sermons on "Why I Believe in God, in Jesus Christ, in the Bible, in Prayer, in Divine Justice, in Universal Salvation, in Immortality."

Massachusetts

Salem.—Rev. L. C. Nichols, pastor. The Mission Circle of the church has received a legacy of $50 from the estate of Sarah A. Wilkins of that parish, a devoted member of the Mission Circle for many years—an unusual and suggestive occurrence.

Saugus.—Rev. E. V. Stevens, pastor. Mr. Stevens has arranged for two union services for Holy Week. The three churches of Saugus will unite in a communion service on Holy Thursday evening at the Universalist church. For more than one hundred years all the people of Saugus worshiped together and for fifty-one years were led by Parson Roby, who died in 1803. Two chairs from the Roby home will be used as deacon seats for this union service, and the communion set used by Parson Roby during his ministry here will be used. A union open-air Sunrise Service will be held on Round Hill near the old church site and by the old burying ground of the First Parish Church. This service is called for 4.30 a. m., and will be opened by trumpeters and the Easter anthem by a chorus of 100 voices led by Prof. E. P. Woods, master of music in the Saugus schools. Mrs. P. H. Greeley of Cambridge will recite Van Dyke's poem, "God of the Open Air."

Somerville First.—Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D., pastor. Besides the regular work during the winter we have entertained the Somerville Ministerial Alliance, of which Dr. Leighton was president last year, the Legislative Conference of the Women's Federation of Church Societies, and the yearly gathering of the Somerville Young People's Council. The April meeting of the Woman's Alliance, recently launched in Arlington, will be held here. A men's club has been formed, also an Intermediate Y. P. C. U., and the women are adding new members to their society. Dr. Leighton is a member of the Somerville Safety Council and is finding much to do in many ways. Our Sunday school meets in one of the pleasantest rooms that can be found and our superintendent, Mr. Nelson, looks forward to a large work.

Minnesota

Owatonna.—Universalist services are held every week from now until Easter. March 11 Rev. Minnie Colegrove was here and at the service five young people united with the church. Mrs. Colegrove will come again the week before Easter. Ministers from Minneapolis and other places give us week night services.

New Hampshire

Nashua.—Thursday evening, March 26, more than 500 of Dr. and Mrs. Morrison's friends, Protestants, Catholics and Jews from the whole city, gathered in the vestry to give them a farewell reception. Previous to this a box containing four ten dollar gold pieces had been given Dr. Morrison from his Bible class. During the reception Mr. Benjamin Thomas, president of the board of trustees, presented the pastor with a purse of forty ten dollar gold pieces and a five dollar gold piece from his class of young people. During the evening Mrs. Morrison was given a beautiful colonial bouquet by Mrs. William Walker, president of the Howard Circle. The vestry was beautifully decorated with palms and flower. The music and refreshments contributed to make it an evening long to be remembered in the history of this old church.

Ohio

Akron.—The quarterly parish meeting and supper were held Feb. 3.

Attica.—A new bulletin board has been placed on our church. Attendance at preaching services is good.

Bellville.—Rev. William M. Lawrence preached Jan. 4. Rev. W. W. Betts preached Feb. 8 and 22.

Blanchester.—The annual meeting resulted in the election of the following officers: Moderator, Dr. Frank Baldwin; clerk, Miss Lou Supinger; treasurer, E. W. Strawn; trustees, James Hudson, Mrs. Ella Gustin, C. B. Eichelberger, Howard Scott and John Robertson; financial committee, Horace Drake, Lillie Wade, C. B. Eichelberger

Columbus.—Jan. 25, the first Sunday of Mr. Price's pastorate, there was the largest attendance in twenty-five years, with two exceptions. The Y. P. C. U. gave a Valentine party on Feb. 13. On Thursday evening, Feb. 19, a reception to our new pastor and his wife was given in the church parlors.

Eaton.—During the week of special meetings, Feb. 23 to 27, the pastor, Rev. Elmer M. Druley, was assisted on Thursday and Friday evenings by a former pastor, Rev. Thomas M. Murray. Fourteen new members were received into the church.

Farmers Station.—On Feb. 1 a goodly number gathered and served dinner in the church. The regular afternoon service was held immediately after dinner to allow the minister to attend a funeral later in the day.

Greenville. — Rev. Sara L. Stoner preached here Feb. 15. About fifty people were present.

New Madison.—A former pastor, Rev. Sara L. Stoner, preached at the morning service Feb. 15.

Ontario

Olinda.—Rev. E. Minor, pastor. On Laymen's Sunday J. H. Strang, representative for Michigan on the Five Year Program, was the principal speaker, and made an interesting and helpful address. Mr. Warren, also of the Detroit church, came with Mr. Strang and sang two solos which were much enjoyed. Albert Bruner of the local church also made a short talk. The same evening the canvass for the budget, which includes the quota, was inaugurated, and is now in progress.

Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Messiah.—Rev. Herbert E. Benton, D. D., pastor. Sunday, March 1, the fifth anniversary of Dr. Benton's pastorate was recognized. Many beautiful flowers were on the platform, including a basket from the young people. One of the ladies made a birthday cake and after the morning service the congregation was invited to the parlor and every one received a piece. Dr. Benton has spoken recently on Peace to the men's class of the Calvary Methodist Church, West Philadelphia, the Kiwanis Club and the Association of Business Men.

* *

SUMMER CONFERENCE

A summer conference of economic, political, racial and international problems is to be held at Olivet, Mich., August 1-31, under the auspices of the Fellowship for a Christian Social Order. Conference leaders include Samuel McCrea Cavert, Jerome Davis, Herbert Adams Gibbons, Walter Lippmann, Samuel Guy Inman, and other important men.

The conference is open to all who care to come. Delegates are urged to remain throughout the month, as the program is cumulative. They will be welcome, however, to come for a shorter period if necessary. Registration should be made without delay, as the capacity of the conference is strictly limited. All inquiries should be addressed to the Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Fellowship, Kirby Page, 311 Division Ave., Hasbrouck Heights, N. J.

* *

INSTITUTE OF POLITICS

The fifth session of the Williamstown Institute of Politics will be held July 23-Aug. 22. Three lectures courses—Count Antonio Cippico on "Italy and the Mediterranean Area," Robert Masson on "Peace Problems of France" and William E. Rappard on "The League of Nations"—will be open to the public. Round-table and general conferences are open only to members of the Institute.

* *

RELIGIOUS DRAMA CONTEST

The Committee on Educational and Religious Drama of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America announces a Religious Drama Contest in which a prize award of $500 is offered for a religious play of social significance dealing with such themes as industrial, racial or international relations. Copies of the rules governing the contest may be obtained from the above Committee, 105 East 22d Street, Room 602, New York City.

* *

YALE DIVINITY SCHOOL CONVOCATION

The sixteenth annual Convocation for Ministers conducted by the Yale Divinity School will be held this year April 20-22. The Lyman Beecher Lectures on Preaching will be delivered by the Very Rev. William Ralph Inge, D. D., Dean of St. Paul's Cathedral, England. Dean Inge, who is one of the outstanding scholars of the English Church, has chosen as his theme, "The Preaching of the Kingdom of God in Church History." This he will discuss in eight lectures: 1. The New Testament. 2. The Early Church. 3. The Middle Ages. 4. Pre-Reformation Sects. 5. The Reformers. 6. Post-Reformation Sects. 7. The Modern Period. 8. The Modern Period.

The Nathaniel W. Taylor Lectures on Theology will be given by Prof. Douglas C. Macintosh, Ph. D., on "The Reasonableness of Christianity"—1. Apologetics Old and New. 2. Freedom, Immortality, and God. 3. Providence. 4. Revelation.

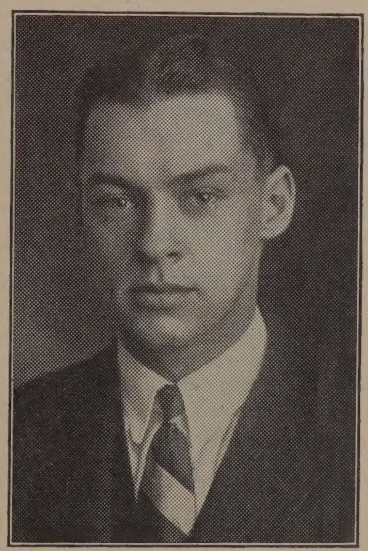
The other speakers will be Prof. E. Hershey Sneath, LL. D., who will return from France to deliver the Alumni Lecture on "Shall We Have a Creed?" Col. Arthur Woods, LL. D., Police Commissioner in New York City from 1907-1917, who will discuss "The Civic Responsibility of the Minister;" and Rev. William E. Gilroy, D. D., editor of the *Congregationalist*, who will discuss "The Problem of Religious Journalism." The Convocation sermon will be peached by Rev. Henry Sloane Coffin, D. D., of New York City. The School, which is interdenominational, cordially invites all ministers to attend.

* *

BIG MUSICAL SERVICE

To-morrow at Cambridge, Mass.

The annual Palm Sunday service which has occupied such a unique position in the Lenten observances of Universalists in Greater Boston, is again to be held at the First Universalist Church, Central Square, Cambridge, at 4 p. m., April 5. The popularity of this service has made



G. SIDNEY STANTON

it necessary to widen the scope to the proportions of a community event. Not only do Universalists from neighboring cities and towns make an annual pilgrimage to the church for this occasion, but people of all denominations in and about Cambridge are interested in this effective service so beautifully adapted to the opening of Holy Week.

Last year Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was sung in Latin by a chorus of 100 voices to a congregation which taxed the church's seating capacity of 1,000 people, and overflowed on to the neighboring lawns. This year an effort is being made to accommodate the entire congregation. J. H. Maunder's cantata, "Olivet to Calvary," will be given with a chorus approximately the same as last year.

The service is under the direction of Mr. G. Sidney Stanton, the chorister of the church. Mr. Stanton has been connected with this church a number of

years. At present he is also director of music at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Winchester, is a member of the Harvard Glee Club, of the Harvard Music Club String Quartette, of the Cecilia Society of Boston, and conductor of the Harvard Freshman Chorus. The organist of the church is Mr. George J. Perry, a pupil of Harris Shaw, very capable in the interpretation of this type of music. Both Mr. Stanton and Mr. Perry are scheduled to go to New York with the Boston Symphony Orchestra as soon as the services of Easter week are over.

The assisting artists engaged for the solo work are Joseph Lautner of Temple Israel, Boston, Charles Bennett of Trinity Church, Boston, and Philip Prescott Parker, a boy soprano from Christ Church, Cambridge. All three are well known soloists with voices peculiarly fitted for this work. The chorus has been in training for several weeks, and has prepared a most effective interpretation.

It is hoped that more Universalists than ever will take advantage of the opportunity to hear the service this year. No cards of admission are required. The service begins promptly at four and is ended at five. There is parking space for automobiles, and the church may be reached either by machine or by subway trains to Central Square, Cambridge.

* *

MERRIMAC VALLEY CONFERENCE

The Merrimac Valley Conference met in First Church, Lowell, March 18, with an attendance of sixty-two.

The subject of the conference was Religious Education. Among the speakers were Mrs. Stella Marek Cushing of Arlington, Carl Hempel of Lynn, Rev. U. S. Milburn of Everett and Mrs. F. N. Chamberlain of Boston.

The May meeting will be held in Methuen.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1925

Previously reported	56
Owatonna, Minn.	5
Mitchellville, Iowa	1
Eaton, Ohio	14
Total	76

* *

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 5. New Haven, Ct., 1. Total, 6.

* *

SUMMER SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS DRAMA

A summer school of religious drama is to be held at Auburn, N. Y., July 2-24, under the auspices of the Committee on Educational and Religious Drama of the Federal Council in affiliation with the Summer School of Religious Education of Auburn Theological Seminary. The curriculum includes Dramatic Directing, Music in Religious Drama, Pageantry, the Writing of Religious Drama, and other subjects. Full programs and registration cards may be secured after May 1 from Elizabeth Baker, Federal Council, 105 East 22d Street, New York City.

* *

BOOK REVIEWS

(*Continued from page* 25)

tion that a true individual can be duplicated; positivistic immortality and the Buddhist doctrine require the annihilation of self; and Professor Bosanquet's view of the Absolute does not make possible a real self, but only self as an "appearance."

The work might be welcomed as a hand-book on immortality were it not for the lack of uniform treatment. In some chapters the views of a number of writers are presented, while in others attention is given entirely to one author. Materialism is seen as presented by a host of exponents, while McTaggart is the sole defender of plurality of selves, Nietzsche of eternal recurrence, and Bosanquet the lone representative of British idealism.

The work is primarily for the student of philosophy and will be found rather technical by the average reader.

J. M. R.

Notices

CONNECTICUT UNIVERSALIST CONVENTION

The next meeting of the Connecticut Universalist Convention will be held in Danbury, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 13 and 14, 1925. The friends of the faith in the state are invited to attend the sessions in large numbers.

Theodore A. Fischer, Secretary,

Obituary

Mrs. Alice Keeler

Mrs. Alice Keeler died at her home in Concord, Mich., March 10, 1925, in her eighty-sixth year. She was a native of Wyoming, N. Y., but had lived in Concord seventy-eight years. Her father, Alfred Paddock, was an early immigrant to Michigan and in his new home both he and his wife were zealous promoters of Universalism. At his house in 1854 the Universalist society of Concord was organized. When the institution of the church proper was effected in 1870 Alice Paddock became one of the charter members. And her interest in all denominational affairs, local and national, was keen and well informed. Her death removes one of the most loyal members of the Universalist church.

She was educated in the old Clinton Liberal Institute at Clinton, N. Y. Her rich voice was given to the music of the church. Her tender charm and bright humor endeared her to a vast number of friends. In 1887 she became the wife of the late Dr. William N. Keeler and she graced the home and family of her husband as she had her own. Besides nephews and nieces she is survived by a stepdaughter, Miss Viola Keeler. The funeral was attended by her pastor, Rev. William Couden, on March 12.

William H. Terry

At Southold, N. Y., March 8, William H. Terry, in his seventy-eighth year, passed into the higher life. He was of Universalist parents, and for more than forty years was a devoted member and generous supporter of the Southold Universalist church. He filled a large place in the life of the community and in the hearts of its people. He was a member of the Board of Education, a trustee of the Savings Bank, a prominent member of the I. O. O. F., and of the Masonic fraternity. He was greatly interested in the progress of the community. His life was filled with public service and private benefactions. His funeral, held in the Universalist church, was attended by a host of his friends. At the hour of the funeral the public schools were closed in his honor. He is survived by his wife, Isabelle G. Terry, who was one of the daughters of the late Israel and Nancy H. Peck, who were Dr. Sawyer's parishioners in the old Orchard Street Universalist church, and by one son, Israel Peck Terry. Another son died in the service of his country during the Great War.

Mrs. Wilen Myers

The church at Liberty, Michigan, has lost a loyal and faithful member by the death of Alma R., wife of Wilen Myers, on March 9, 1925, at the age of fifty-seven years. Mrs. Myers was born and spent her entire life in the community surrounding our Liberty church, and her gentle Christian life had won and kept a large circle of friends. The final services, held at the church, taxed the capacity of the building, so great was the concourse of mourning friends. Rev. William Couden of Concord officiated.

Hosea B. Fagan

Hosea B. Fagan was born June 20, 1880, in Knob Prairie, Jefferson County (now known as Waltonville), Ill., and died at his home in Burlington, Iowa, March 7, 1925, aged forty-four years, He was the son of Jesse A. and Amanda Harris Fagan, and was one of a family of seven children, and, with the exception of his mother, who died in 1922, his death marks the first break in the family circle. His mother was a daughter of Rev. R. G. Harris, the pioneer Universalist minister of this section. He was first married to Miss Alice Parker, and to this union was born one son. After the death of his first wife he married, Oct. 11, 1913, Miss Lucille B. Diehl, of Springfield, Ill., who survives him.

Mr. Fagan was a veteran of the Spanish-American war. Besides his wife, he is survived by a son, William, of Colorado, a foster daughter, Vera, at home, and the following brothers and sisters: Robert of Quincy, Calif.; William of Springfield, Ill.; Joseph of Waltonville; Fred of Chicago; George of St., Louis, and Mrs. Frances Robinson of Springfield, Ill.

Funeral services were conducted Tuesday, March 10, at 11 o'clock, at the Universalist church in Waltonville, by the pastor, Rev. Wm. David Harrington, assisted by Rev. J. W. Smith, a former comrade in the 9th Illinois Volunteer Infantry. A number of Spanish American war veterans were present, as well as a firing squad from the Mt. Vernon Post of the American Legion, whose chaplain conducted a service at the grave, followed by the firing of three volleys by the firing squad and the sounding of taps by the bugler.

Burial was at Knob Prairie cemetery.

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Rev Charles Wendte Jan26
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Crackling

Two Emporia men were discussing their radios. Said one:

"Ours is the best little set in the world. The other night we got Los Angeles and Havana."

"Well," said the other, "ours is a selective set. I heard a violin and banjo playing Sunday night at Pittsburgh and I tuned out the violin."—*Emporia Gazette.*

* *

"Did Liza Jane git a good man when she ma'ied down in Memph's?"

"Sho' did! Ma'ied him right outen de jail house. He didn' have no time t' git in no trouble."—*The American Legion Weekly.*

* *

Lulu: "How come yuh is always lookin' fer a job an' neber findin' one?"

Mose: "Dat's skill, woman, skill!"—*Life.*

* *

Maybe the play jury could do something about the bad actors too.—*New York Herald-Tribune.*

* *

Naturally, the President exercising by electricity was due to be sneered at by statesmen who exercise by gas only.—*Norfolk Virginian Pilot.*

* *

"Isn't that a new hat, Ethel?"

"Yes, dear, mother bought it for herself but decided it was too old for her."—*Judge.*

* *

Ethel: "Do you like Beethoven's works, Mr. Ponks?"

Mr. Ponks: "Never visited 'em. Wot does 'e manufacture?"—*Judge.*

* *

Another high explosive is made by mixing a busy day and a caller who has plenty of time.—*Rochester Times-Union.*

* *

Hall Boy: "De man in room seben has done hang hisself!"

Hotel Clerk: "Hanged himself? Did you cut him down?"

Hall Boy: "No sah! He ain't dead yet!"—*Life.*

* *

"Maud's husband is the make-up man on a newspaper."

"I suppose his work is to make up those sensational stories they print. What a fascinating job!"—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

Over-Gushing Hostess: "*Such* a dear man the new vicar is—so outspoken. In his sermon last Sunday he censured the Devil *most* severely!"—*Passing Show* (*London*).

* *

"Is he a go-getter?"

"No, a have-it-brunger."—*Pittsburgh Post.*

* *

Those of us who delight in the revivifying effect of the shower-bath after hard exercise should fare to Williams Park, Fla., which, take it from the Hotel Detroit's advertisement, "is known throughout the world as the playground where the spirit of youth is regained through such open air games as checkers, chess and dominoes."—*The Conning Tower.*

* *

Rutherford: "Yes, ma'am; I have lost all my relatives."

Mrs. Smith: "You poor man! How did it all happen?"

Rutherford: "They all got rich!"—*Life.*

Yale professor is out with the suggestion that the government "pay statesmen what they are worth." The first thing we know, Calvin Coolidge, in his fury for economy, will be putting that in one of his messages.—*Topeka Capital.*

* *

"I want a loaf of bread, please."

"You are a penny short. The price has gone up since yesterday."

"Then give me one of yesterday's loaves."—*Klods Hans* (*Copenhagen*).

The Five Year Program

The following additional churches have accepted their quotas:

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Church of the Restoration
Middleport, New York
Owatonna, Minnesota
Manchester, Indiana
Canton, Maine
Scranton, Pennsylvania
Winchester, N. H.
Berlin, N. H.

These churches have responded to our appeal in behalf of the denomination. They have thus far definitely committed themselves loyally in support of the Universalist Program. Others, we know, have determined to do so, but either have not officially acted or have failed to notify us. Is your parish in this group? If so, let us know at once that you may be on the Honor Roll before Easter.

If you are not in either of these groups, why not? Is your church not a Universalist church?

National Laymen's Committee